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THE NEW YORKER

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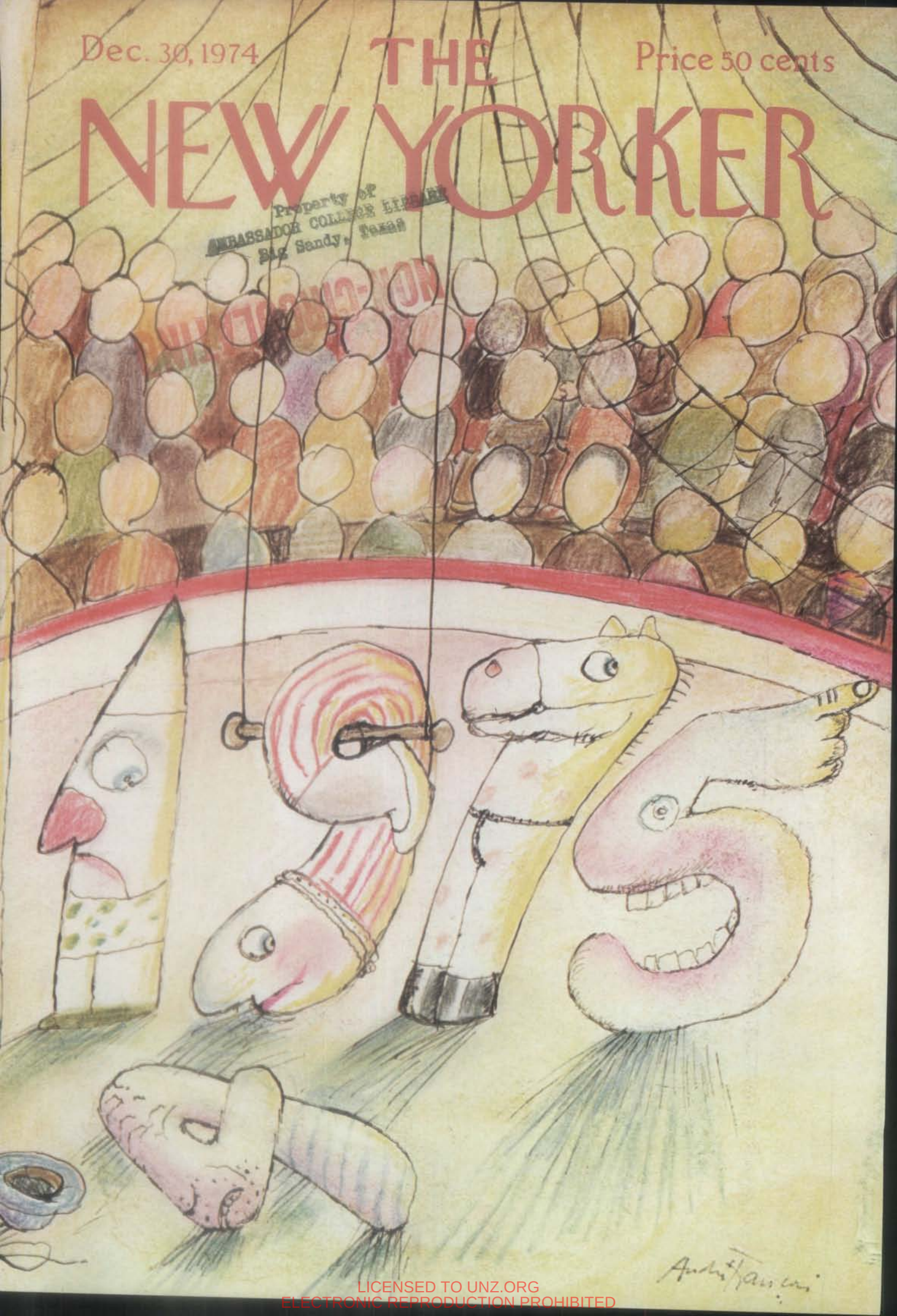

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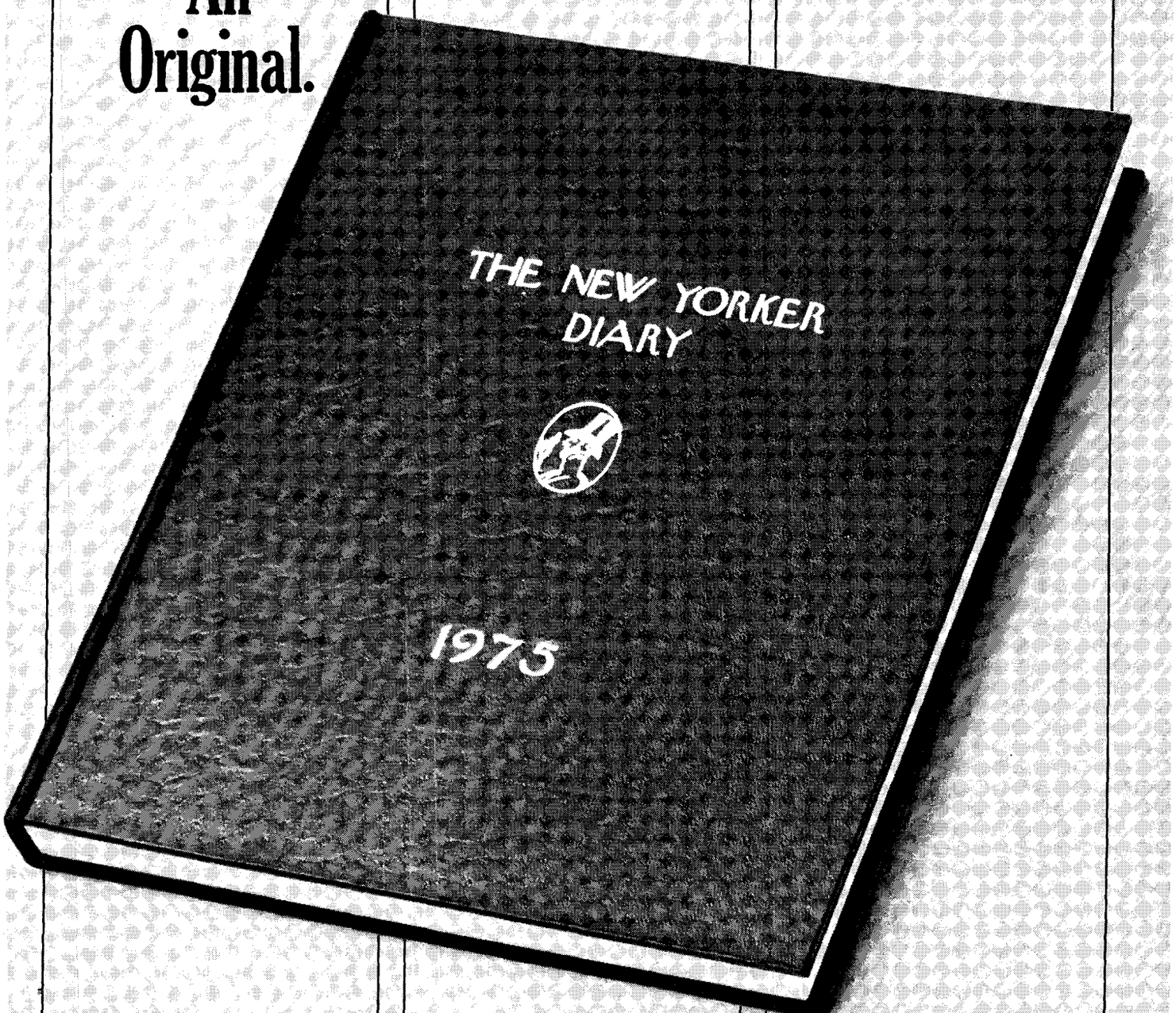

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Christmas and New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Richard Kiley, Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

All Over Town—A comedy by Murray Schisgal, with Cleavon Little and Barnard Hughes. Directed by Dustin Hoffman. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 28. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 29. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

The Big Winner—David Opatoshu and Stan Porter in a Yiddish musical based on a 1922 play by Sholom Aleichem. The music is by Sol Kaplan, and Wolf Younin wrote the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Opatoshu. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays at 6; Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:15; Sundays at 6; and New Year's Eve at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Black Theatre Series—The first bill in a series of four productions presented over several weekends: "Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow," performed by the Weusi Kuumba Troop; and "Souls and Rhythm," performed by the Brownsville Lab Theatre. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 26.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—Elizabeth Ashley, Fred Gwynne, Keir Dullea, and Kate Reid in a fine revival of Tennessee Williams' melodrama about sex, money, and family ties in the Deep South. Directed by Michael Kahn. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Hopkins and Peter Firth, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

God's Favorite—Neil Simon's repulsive retelling, in contemporary urban-Jewish patois, of the Book of Job. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 26, and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3.)

Good News—Alice Faye, Gene Nelson, and Stubby Kaye in a revival of the 1927 musical (book by Laurence Schwab, B. G. DeSylva, and Frank Mandel; words and music by DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson). Adapted and directed by Abe Burrows. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

Gypsy—A revival of the hit musical of fifteen years ago. Angela Lansbury plays the part originated by Ethel Merman. She works very hard indeed, which is to say harder than she ought to have let us see, but she is charming

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			25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

as well as valiant and her supporting cast is attractive. Arthur Laurents, who wrote the book, directed. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Christmas and Sunday, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26. Closes Saturday, Jan. 4.)

The Hashish Club—A play by Lance Larsen, suggested by a century-old novella of Théophile Gautier's. Jerome Guardino directs a cast that includes Mr. Larsen. Previews Friday through Thursday, Dec. 27-Jan. 2. Opens officially on Friday, Jan. 3. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-3194. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3.)

In Praise of Love—Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, and Martin Gabel all give exquisite lessons in the art of acting; their vehicle, by Terence Rattigan, is not an exquisite lesson in the art of playwriting but it will serve. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 3 and Saturdays at 2.)

London Assurance—A merry burlesque of an old comedy by the Irish playwright Dion Boucicault. The cast is headed by Donald Sinden, of the Royal Shakespeare Company. The art of High Ham was never more wittily demonstrated. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

Madhouse Company of London—Horseplay by some gifted clowns in a pleasant cabaret setting. (Brooklyn Navy Yard, downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays, Saturdays, and New Year's Eve at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Special matinée Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2:30.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

The Measures Taken—Bertolt Brecht's play, translated by Eric Bentley. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30;

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and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING—Carson McCullers' play, based on her novel of the same name, with Marybeth Hurt, Marge Eliot, and Eamon Mackenzie. It will be the final offering this season by the New Phoenix Repertory Company. Directed by Michael Montel. Previews Thursday, Dec. 26, through New Year's Day. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 2, and will run through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

OF MICE AND MEN—A very fine revival of the Steinbeck play of 1937. With James Earl Jones and Kevin Conway. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Jan. 2, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PRETZELS—A fresh-faced, fresh-voiced, barely postgraduate revue, starring Jane Curtin, John Forster, Timothy Jerome, and Judy Kahan. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE PRODIGAL SISTER—A hapless and almost tuneless little musical about a family straight out of "Two Black Crows." (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10: and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ROSMERSHOLM—Jane White, Stefan Schnabel, and Bill Moor in the Ibsen drama. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 243-8334. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

SCAPINO—A headlong farce, freely adapted from Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and acted to perfection by Jim Dale, of the Young Vic company, and a number of others. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Jan. 2, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES—A witty revival, under Frank Dunlop's direction, of the William Gillette classic. John Wood is the great, ice-cold ratiocinator. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Thursday, Dec. 26.)

SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD and **THE ISLAND**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD**, a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, except Dec. 26, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 27, at 3. . . . ¶ In **THE ISLAND**, two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Thursday, Dec. 26, at 3 and 8, and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 6. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

THIEVES—A sort of "Grand Hotel" of high-rise apartment living, blessed by the presence of Marlo Thomas. The author is Herb Gardner. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5630. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

THE WAGER—Mark Medoff's sentimental farce, about a pair of graduate students and a professor and his pretty wife, is only rarely as funny or shrewd as it is meant to be, but it is well acted, under Anthony Perkins' direction. Kristoffer Tabori is good, in the leading role, and he is ably supported by Kenneth Gilman and John Heard. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

WHERE'S CHARLEY?—A pretty-to-look-at but disappointing revival of the Frank Loesser musical. Starring Raul Julia. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Nightly, except Christmas and Monday, Dec. 30, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

YENTL THE YESHIVA BOY—A play adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's short story by Leah Napolin and Mr. Singer. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 12.)

LONG RUNS—CANDIDE: A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 27, at 2.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,105 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Thursdays, Fridays, and Monday, Dec. 30, at 7:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and New Year's Eve at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8 and 10, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Dec. 27, and Monday, Dec. 30.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Mondays through Thursdays, except New Year's Day, at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.). . . **OVER HERE!:** A musical about the war-torn forties, little of which is to be believed, though nearly all of it can be enjoyed. With the Andrews Sisters and a large, capable cast. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Christmas at 2; Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8; Friday, Dec. 27, at 3 and 8; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 8; Monday, Dec. 30, at 3 and 8; New Year's Eve at 8; New Year's Day at 2; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 8; and final performances Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2 and 8.). . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.). . . **RAISIN:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white-middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Christmas at 2:30 and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

DICK GREGORY—Talking, joking, illuminating, persuading. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8:30.)

WONDERFUL WORLD OF HORSES—Twenty Royal Lipizzan stallions in demonstrations of the precision equestrian art of *haute école*, plus dressage performances by Morgans, Andalusians, saddlebreds, thoroughbreds, palominos, and Arabians, to say nothing of Arthur Godfrey and Goldie, his horse. Opens Friday, Jan. 3, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 12. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 2 and 8; and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

BALLET AND DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 5. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2 and 6; Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 6; and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

ELIOT FELD BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Dec. 25: "The Consort," "The Real McCoy," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 26: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 27: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "Tzaddik," and "The Consort.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 28: "Sephardic Song," "The Gods Amused," "Tzaddik," and "The Consort.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 29: "Sephardic Song," "Cortège Parisien," "The Gods Amused," and "The Real McCoy.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 29: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "At Midnight," and "The Consort.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 31: "The Consort," "Tzaddik," "The Real McCoy," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 1: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "At Midnight," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 2: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "The Gods Amused," and "The Consort.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 3: "The Consort," "At Midnight," and "The Real McCoy.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 4: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "Tzaddik," and "The Consort.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 5: "The Consort," "The Gods Amused," and "Tzaddik.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 5: "The Real McCoy," "At Midnight," "The Consort," and "Intermezzo." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3.)

MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday matinée, Dec. 26: "Calligraph for Martyrs," "Continuum," and "Proximities.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 26: "Porcelain Dialogues," "Personnae," and "Index.". . . ¶ Friday through Sunday evenings, Dec. 27-29: "Scheherezade" (première of a full-length version). . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday matinées, Dec. 28-29: "Calligraph for Martyrs," "Continuum," and "Proximities.". . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 30: "Geometrics," "Chimera," and "Hoopla.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 31 (a benefit performance): "Scheherezade.". . . ¶ Thursday matinée, Jan. 2: "Calligraph for Martyrs," "Continuum," and "Proximities." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 2: "Porcelain Dialogues," "Personnae," and "Index.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 3: "Scheherezade." . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday matinées, Jan. 4-5: "Geometrics," "Chimera," and "Hoopla." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 4: "Porcelain Dialogues," "Personnae," and "Index.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 5: "Scheherezade." (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. For tickets, call 777-1122. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2:30.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Thursday, Dec. 26,

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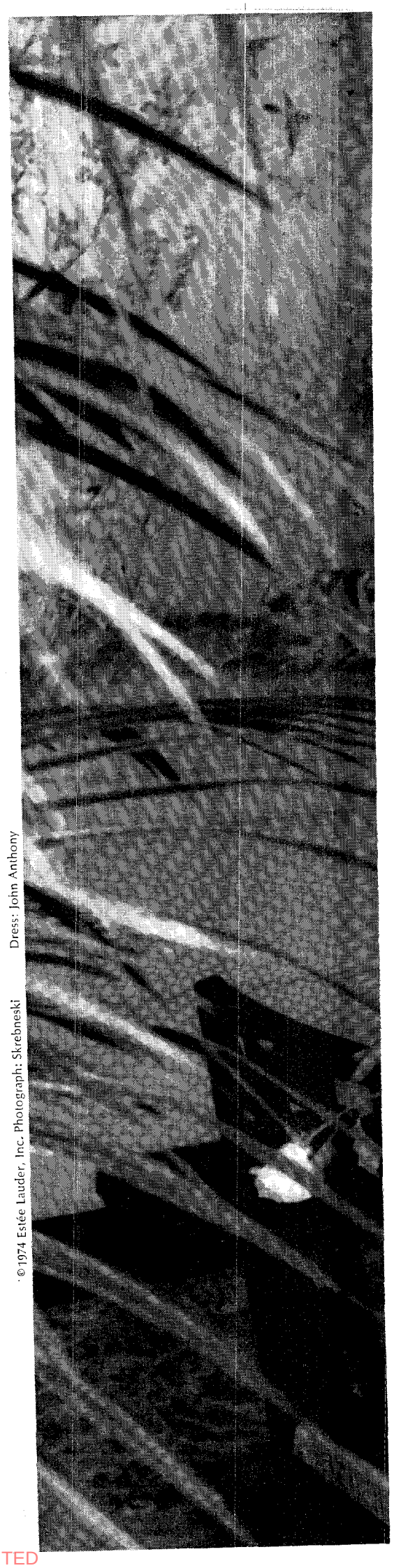

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 5:30: "Les Patineurs" and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 27, at 5:30, and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2: "Coppélia."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 7:30: "Concerto" and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2: "Les Patineurs" and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 2: "Giselle."... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Coppélia."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 2, at 5:30: "Fancy Free" and "La Sylphide."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 3, at 5:30, and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2: "Les Patineurs" and "La Sylphide."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Giselle." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Feb. 2.)

Nureyev and Friends—With Merle Park, Louis Falco, leading soloists of the Paul Taylor Dance Company, and others, in a five-week engagement that starts Thursday, Dec. 26, and will run through Saturday, Jan. 25. The program: "Apollo," "The Moor's Pavane," "Aureole," and "Flower Festival in Genzano Pas de Deux." (*Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway.* 586-6510. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinées Sunday, Dec. 29, and New Year's Day.)

George Faison Universal Dance Experience and **Pilobolus**—Thursday evening, Dec. 26, and Saturday through Monday evenings, Dec. 28-30, **Pilobolus** doing "Ciona," "Dispretzled," "Terra Cotta," and other works.... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 27, **George Faison Universal Dance Experience** doing "Suite Otis," "Angelitos Negros," and "Slaves."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 28: "We Regret to Inform You . . . ," unnamed dance No. 1, and "Poppy."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 29: "We Regret to Inform You . . . ," unnamed dance No. 2, and "In the Sweet Now and Now."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 31: "The Gazelle," "Reflections of a Lady," and "Suite Otis." (Harkness Theatre, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—"The Nutcracker." (Touchstone, 348 W. 14th St. 989-5240. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 27-29, and final performances Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 2-5, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a trio, Monday, Dec. 30, from nine-thirty to two.

Bricktop and Hugh Shannon—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Songs. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28; New Year's Eve; and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, from ten until two.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Billy Cobham—*Bottom Line*, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Drums, leading a combo, through Thursday, Dec. 26, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Ted Sturgis, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

Anita Ellis and Ellis Larkins—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Vocals and piano, respectively. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten-thirty and midnight. (Larkins will not be present on New Year's Eve.)

Sonny Fortune—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Saxophone, leading a quintet. From nine-forty-five to three, beginning Monday, Dec. 30.

Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three, and New Year's Eve from ten to four.

Illinois Jacquet—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Tenor saxophone, with pianist Hank Jones, guitarist Tiny Grimes, bassist Percy Heath, and drummer Panama Francis. Mondays and Thursdays at ten and midnight; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-forty-five, ten-forty-five, and twelve-forty-five; and New Year's Eve from ten to four.

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Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

Rahsaan Roland Kirk—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Reeds and other instruments. With a sextet, from ten, except Mondays.

Lee Konitz—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Wilbur Little and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three.

Junior Mance—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, with a trio, Wednesdays (except Christmas) through Saturdays, from ten to three.

Mabel Mercer—Oak Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. New Year's Eve, at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty.

Persuasions—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Vocal quintet, beginning Thursday, Jan. 2, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with a combo. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, and Saturday, Jan. 4, from nine to one.

Arthur Prysock—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Vocals, with the Red Prysock trio. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 30-31.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

Mary Lou Williams—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, from eight to one, except Sundays, and New Year's Eve from ten to three.

Teddy Wilson—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Piano, with saxophonist Charlie Ventura, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Ronnie Cole, from nine-fifteen to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). With vocalist Connie Haines. At dinner and supper, except Sunday and Christmas, through Tuesday, Dec. 31.

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(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A knickknack-cluttered, seaworthy, pub-flavored Chelsea gathering place that could easily be converted into a curio shop and *is* transformed into a music club Fridays and Saturdays. On Dec. 27-28, Tom Jones heads up a quartet from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar classics. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality, and, simultaneously, a jazz spot with taste and enthusiasm. Alto saxophonist Charles McPherson works with his quintet through Saturday, Dec. 28. On Monday, Dec. 30, Sonny Fortune returns with his quintet. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A Colosseum of a folk-and-rock club (by New York standards), this four-hundred-and-fifty-seat house offers a top-notch sound system and a sensible seating arrangement of three tiers of aisled tables. Billy Cobham, perhaps the most popular young drummer in the jazz-rock movement, finishes up with his ensemble on Thursday, Dec. 26. From Friday through New Year's Eve, pianist and singer Barry Manilow will perform with his band and backup singers. Manilow, who achieved prominence arranging for Bette Midler, spent time as a studio musician working on such projects as McDonald's jingles. Hearing him sing one or two of his superslick songs can be painless, but a whole set of them can be as cloying as a steady diet of Quarter-Pounders. Ron Douglas, a very funny, energetic comedian, alternates with both Cobham and Manilow. On Thursday, Jan. 2, the Persuasions begin singing polished street-corner gospel opposite organist Booker T. and his band, who are capable of some downright elegant rhythm-and-blues. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and reverent ear for music, this warm and friendly bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. Fine piano-bass duos are taking up residence in that corner: pianist John Bunch and bassist Chuck Israels perform through Saturday, Dec. 28, and Barry Harris, on piano, and his bassist, Bill Takas, take over starting Monday, Dec. 30. Sundays, Jaki Byard, an accomplished pianist who plays in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one. Closed Christmas.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Several spotlights in this pleasant second-story jazz room illuminate tenor-man Illinois Jacquet and his distinguished quintet—pianist Hank Jones, guitarist Tiny Grimes, bassist Percy Heath, and drummer Panama Francis. Mondays and Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-forty-five, ten-forty-five, and twelve-forty-five. On New Year's Eve, the music will run from ten to four, for listening and dancing. Snacks. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The classics of the twenties and thirties are in safe hands here. Bobby Short knows how to choose them, how to play them, and, what's more, how to sing them. Mr. Short's respectful and energetic voice and piano are well served by drummer Dick Sheridan and bassist Beverly Peer. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper. Closed New Year's Day.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—A casual and sometimes overly animated restaurant with a piano in the thick of it. Mary Lou Williams, who has been at it since 1925, takes command of that piano from eight to one, assisted by her bassist, Milton Suggs. From ten until three on New Year's Eve, they will be joined by Ellis Larkins, who will play with Nigel Kennedy, a young violinist, and back Helen Humes, who was a Basie vocalist in the thirties and forties and who still does some admirable blues shouting. Dick Hyman claims the keyboard on Sundays. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-three-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier Brooks Kerr works with and learns from drummer Sonny Greer, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist Russell Procope, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, alto saxophonist Lee Konitz swaps solos with pianist Dick Katz and bassist Wilbur Little. Lynn Crane takes time out from her proprietary duties to sing along with the trio on a couple of tunes per set. On New Year's Eve, there will be a battle of the trios—Kerr's and Konitz's—from ten until four. Snacks.

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Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—The Half Note, which for nearly twenty years has featured consistently fine music, has been sold and will close after Dec. 31. It will be missed. Baritone crooner Arthur Prysock and his brother Red Prysock's trio will be on hand through New Year's Eve. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Closed Sunday and Christmas.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Lance Hayward plays here nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Ted Sturgis, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky leads a Dixieland band from eight to two. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. The conversationalists are, for the most part, sundry businesspersons. The performers are pianist Teddy Wilson, saxophonist Charlie Ventura, Milt Hinton, on bass, and Ronnie Cole, on drums; Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one. The New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Jazz Orchestra, a Dixieland sextet, reigns on Mondays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **Bird Cage,** Ellis Larkins, a musician of diffident strength and vast popularity, is playing solo piano and also accompanies singer Anita Ellis. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten-thirty and midnight. (Larkins will be absent on New Year's Eve.)

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both fitted out with tables for drinking and dining. Junior Mance works out with his spirited trio Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays through Tuesdays, guitarist Cornell Dupree, pianist Richard Tee, and Gordon Edwards, on bass, make themselves comfortable and conjure up some first-rate rhythm-and-blues. Music from ten until three. Closed Christmas.

Music Room, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—This modest restaurant and bar, which presents classical and, sometimes, folk music nightly from seven to eleven (from six on Sundays), makes a pleasant, relaxed alternative to the rigidities of the concert hall. The decorations include a characteristically brooding, steely-eyed portrait of Beethoven, a guitar-shaped poster that enumerates the recording artists for a small blues label, and regimented rows of hanging plastic plants and a few preserved palms. The musicians are young, proficient, and usually amenable to requests. Soloists perform weekdays; chamber duos, trios, and quartets take over on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Christmas.

Oak Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer will deliver her recitatives, accompanied by Jimmy Lyon's piano, at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty on New Year's Eve.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A genuinely exotic night spot that boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano, mammoth potted palms, an enthusiastic clientele, and a forties campiness. Manhattan Transfer, a lively scatting, swaying, finger-snapping, Modernaires-reminiscent vocal quartet, plus four backup musicians, determinedly revives such period pieces as "Java Jive," "House of Blue Lights," "Candy," "Give Me Some Skin," and others. Gospel singer Monica Burress opens the show through Saturday, Dec. 28. Singer Gail Kantor starts trading sets with M.T. on New Year's Eve, when there will be only a midnight show. Normally, shows begin at nine and midnight. Sundays are claimed by Martha Schlamme, who sings Brecht-Weill material at nine and eleven. Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining.

St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—Occupying a long, narrow, bowling lane of a basement room, this jazz club—barely a month old—has already acquired the character and mood of an established hangout for musicians and aficionados. The walls are a colorful Art Moderne jumble of concentric curves, parallel lines, cloud outlines, and lightning bolts. The music is a colorful interaction between trombonist Roswell Rudd and his most able sidepersons—pianist Hod O'Brian, bassist Charlie Haden (here Thursday through Tuesday, Dec. 26-31), Brian Torff (the regular bassist), drummer Beaver Harris, and vocalist Sheila Jordan. Just the trio of Rudd, O'Brian, and Torff will perform Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 1-2. Music from about nine-thirty. Closed Christmas.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—In these two small second-story rooms, Bricktop, famous for her Paris night club in the twenties and thirties, and now in her frisky eighties, is singing with Hugh Shannon, an international café-society singer and pianist. Shannon begins alone, tossing off some Porter, Hart, Coward, and even, if less successfully, Stevie Wonder tunes. After a break, he plays for and occasionally sings with Bricktop, whose unmiked voice is amazingly strong, clear, and vibrant. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28; New Year's Eve; and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, from ten until two.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, pianist Steve Elmer brings in a quartet. On Monday, Dec. 30, Chet Baker works out with his youthful, eager combo. Drummer Al Dreares and his trio perform New Year's Eve; and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3-4, Warren Chiasson, who is as adept with his amplifier as he is with his vibraharp mallets, heads up a trio. The satisfying guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma retains the Sunday-night slot. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty until two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty until three; and Sundays from nine until two. Snacks. Closed Wednesdays and Thursdays, Dec. 25-26 and Jan. 1-2.

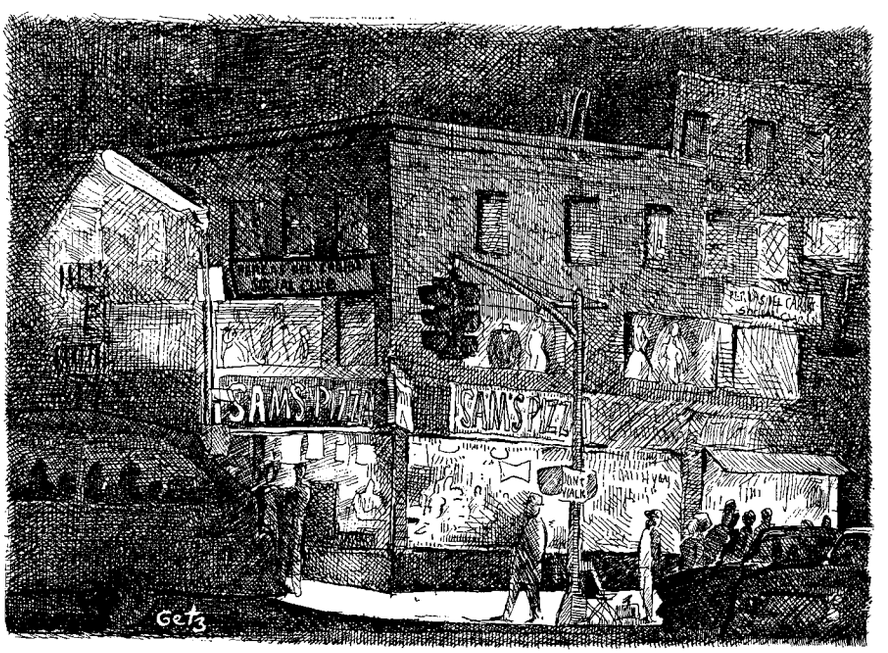
Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The dark emptiness of nighttime SoHo streets belies the fashionable, steaming activity found in some of the neighborhood hangouts. This after-hours gallery-loft, though among the less congested, is one of the more animated. The source for the commotion is the bandstand, where drummer Rashied Ali and his quartet—James Vass, Hilton Ruiz, and Benny Wilson—play intense, rigorous, free-form jazz that lies somewhere beyond John Coltrane, approaching the intricacies of Cecil Taylor. Ali, the proprietor, spent several years playing with those saxophonists who are now considered the vanguard of sixties jazz—Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders, and the late Albert Ayler and Coltrane. Thursdays through Sundays from nine to three, and New Year's Eve, from nine-thirty to two. Soul food and nonalcoholic beverages.

Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762). A pentagonal high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. The music—mostly ragtime and boogie-woogie piano—matches the spirit of the place, which, owing to its location, is heavily patronized by the New York University community. One or another of a number of capable pianists plays Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Snacks. Closed Mondays and Christmas.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, in the thirties, the Vanguard was considered a bohemian curiosity. Today, some of the best musicians in the world do their best work here. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, who is a reed section all by himself, energizes a sextet Tuesdays through Sundays. Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, about fifteen other first-rate musicians, and vocalist Juanita Fleming take over on Mondays. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Right on a New York City truck route, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: Nat Jones on piano, and a bassist perform Thursdays through Sundays, and pianist Chuck Fowler and bassist Duke Cleamons collaborate Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students. The music that is keeping the students here from their studies these days is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays belong to the Swing All-Stars—Eddie Durham on trombone and guitar, drummer Sam Woodyard, Franc Williams on trumpet, and pianist Robin Clark. Durham, a Kansas City jazzman during the twenties and thirties, was one of the very first jazz guitarists, and he played and arranged for such history-making bands as the Blue Devils, Benny Moten, Jimmy Lunceford, and Count Basie, as well as his own band. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, boogie-woogie stylist Sammy Price romps all over the piano, as trumpeter Ed Lewis, tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, and the drummer, Ditto (whose name rhymes with "Perdido"), try to keep up with him. On Friday, Jan. 3, a bop quintet will occupy the bandstand, and on Saturday, Jan. 4, Sammy Price will work with two exes from the Basie band—Quinichette and drummer Jo Jones, who was also



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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a member of Basie's All-American Rhythm Section (which included guitarist Freddie Green, bassist Walter Page, and the Count himself) in the thirties and forties. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ**, pianist Herb Winner, with the assistance of two singing instrumentalists, plays dance music from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Steven Weltner is on duty Sundays from eight-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from nine to twelve-thirty. Pianist Ray Hartley will play from nine-thirty to one-thirty on New Year's Eve. . . . ¶ In **LA FORÊT**, on New Year's Eve, Herb Winner's orchestra will play for dancing and dining from nine to two.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM**, a vocal group called the Collectors Item appears at ten during the week, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Friday and Saturday. Dancing to the Barry Levitt trio and the René Martel threesome from seven to one. On New Year's Eve, there will be one show at twelve-thirty, and the dance music will run from nine to two. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . ¶ On New Year's Eve, Peter Duchin and his dance orchestra will play in the **GRAND BALLROOM** from nine until two. . . . ¶ The **PLAZA RESTAURANT** provides dinner music by violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein. Their hours are seven-thirty to ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. On New Year's Eve, Mark Monte's orchestra will play for dancing from ten to two. . . . ¶ Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play in the **PALM COURT**, from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one. Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight, and Sundays from four to seven, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music. Miss Andrews returns to the keyboard Sundays from seven-thirty to midnight. The Cavaliers will provide dance music on New Year's Eve, from ten to two.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The grand rooftop is presenting the World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart (with vocalist Connie Haines) at dinner and supper. On Thursday, Jan. 2, the Christopher David Company, a rock band, will succeed the W.G.J.B. Dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On this sixty-fifth-floor height, Eleanor Fell plays harp from seven to eleven, Tuesdays through Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the **MAISONETTE**, on New Year's Eve, dancing will prevail all evening to the music of the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra, led by Lee Castle, and the Anthony Terini band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On New Year's Eve, the **GRAND BALLROOM** will once again house the orchestra of Guy Lombardo. The principal singer will be Helen O'Connell. Dancing from nine to three. Black tie.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas and New Year's Day. Some will close early on Tuesday, Dec. 31.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PETER BLUME—"Bronzes About Venus" is the first showing of sculptures by this noted painter. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

CHARLES BRAGG—Paintings, drawings, and etchings of elf-like figures; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan 4. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

FREDERIC EDWIN CHURCH (1826-1900)—A benefit loan show of more than a hundred oil sketches and drawings by this American landscape artist. Through Jan. 11. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

DADO—Nightmarish images of a violent inner world, done in incongruously gentle pastel tones. Through Jan. 31. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ISMAËL DE LA SERNA (1887-1968)—Paintings and collages. Through Jan. 7. (Rich, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Open Mondays.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors, most of them in his familiar taut, jackstraw line but a few in a looser vein, done in charcoal. Through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JEAN-MICHEL FOLON—New watercolors and graphics. Through Jan. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

SAM FRANCIS—Oils, gouaches, and drawings, executed in the fifties. Through Jan. 8. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ANTONIO FRASCONI—Color woodcuts, primarily portraits. Through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

FREDERICK FRIESEKE (1874-1939)—A retrospective of oils and watercolors by an American Impressionist. Through Jan. 18. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

CHAIM GROSS—Handwoven Aubusson tapestries of his designs. Through Jan. 31. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 31.)

PHILIP GUSTON—"Painting, Smoking, Eating," the title of one of the paintings on display, suggests the concerns of this appealing series of large canvases, simultaneously cartoonlike and epic, and done mostly in reds and pale pink. Through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

NEWTON HARRISON—Proposals for ecological systems executed in mixed mediums; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

WILLIAM KING—Huge, joking sculptures made of pine, bronze, or aluminum. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

DAVID LEVINE / LAURA ZIEGLER—Satirical drawings of political and literary figures. / Sculpture portraits. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GOLDA LEWIS—Abstract assemblages, some incorporating African themes, combining handmade paper, canvas, and found objects. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

RENÉ MAGRITTE (1898-1967)—Paintings by the Belgian Surrealist, the earliest one done in 1923 and the latest in 1966. Through Jan. 18. (Davlyn, 975 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

HENRY MOORE—Recent lithographs and etchings by the British sculptor. Through Jan. 31. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

HECTOR POLEO—A retrospective of paintings by a Venezuelan artist. Through Sunday, Dec. 29. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

STEVEN SAMET—A number of monotypes and some still-lifes in oil. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Deitcher, 20 E. 67th St.)

ANDY WARHOL—Ten flower compositions, each one a silk screen that has been hand-finished in watercolor by the artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Multiples, 55 E. 80th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by James Rosenquist, Helen Frankenthaler, Anthony Caro, and others. Through Jan. 11. (Open Mondays.). . . **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paul Mogensen, Gary Stephan, and three other artists. Through Jan. 9. (Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4.). . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by de Kooning, Diller, Olitski, and others. Through Friday, Jan. 3. . . . **GRUENEBAUM**, 25 E. 77th St.: Watercolors, drawings, and graphics by Moore, Picasso, and Dubuffet, to name a few. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. . . . **INGBER**, 3 E. 78th St.: Small works by such contemporary painters and sculptors as Fairfield Porter, Lois Dodd, and George Sugarman. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and other works by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.). . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: An oil by Calder, a bronze by Miró, and a still-life by Tamayo are part of this exhibit. Through Jan. 18. . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures, from the Renaissance to the present, by such artists as Burchfield, Dubuffet, Clodion, and Chagall. Through Jan. 14. . . . **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: More than eighty miniature paintings from India representing various regional styles and dating from the sixteenth century through the mid-nineteenth. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. . . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Works in mixed mediums by Malcolm Bailey, Grace Hartigan, and five other gallery artists. Through Tuesday, Dec. 31.

SCULPTURE—Small pieces (none larger than twelve inches) in a variety of materials by a group that includes Barbara Lekberg, Robert Cook, and Sahl Swarz. Through Jan. 8. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ARMAN—Fragmented musical instruments embedded in concrete. Through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

WILLIAM-ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU (1825-1905)—A show of ten works by the nineteenth-century French Salon painter. It is running concurrently with his show at the New York Cultural Center. Through Feb. 1. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

WARREN BRANDT—Still-lifes in oil. Through Jan. 9. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

BERT CARPENTER—Homage to the tomato. Through Jan. 11. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

GOTTHARD GRAUBNER / HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Color-field paintings by a German artist. Through Jan. 8. / Gouaches and collages done as studies for architectural projects. Through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

AUGUSTE HERBIN (1882-1960)—Geometric abstractions by a French painter. Through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT IRWIN—This is a show you may miss even if you go. The artist has taken a huge piece of soft, sheer fabric and made it one of the gallery walls. That's it. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

JOYCE KOZLOFF—Paintings and drawings, some with architectural or textural effects. Through Thursday, Jan. 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

NORMAN LALIBERTÉ—Appliqué banners, plus drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

REGINALD MARSH (1898-1954)—Paintings completed in the twenties, many of them of New York scenes. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

GRANDMA MOSES (1860-1961)—The horse knows the way / to carry the sleigh / through the white and drifted snow. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

LARRY RIVERS—New paintings, inspired, he says, by his daughters' Japanese coloring book, and some erotica that one feels sure was inspired by far less innocent sources. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

JIM SULLIVAN—Abstract oils. Through Jan. 9. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOW—Among those contributing paintings and drawings are Oldenburg, de Kooning, and Motherwell. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

ALICE ADAMS / STEPHEN ROSENTHAL—One piece of sculpture composed of wood and other materials. / Ink wash paintings. Through Jan. 8. (55 Mercer St.)

MARC ARONSON—Abstract acrylics; first one-

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man show in New York. Through Thursday, Jan. 2. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

JOSEPH AUGUSTA—Neon wrapped with rope. Through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (Razor, 464 West Broadway.)

JOHN BAEDER—Realist paintings by an artist who is caught up in American diners and roadside stands. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

TIM CORKERY—Painterly abstractions. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

KENNETH DAVIS—Big marble spheres that, incredibly, float around in marble fountains prepared for them; first one-man show in New York. Through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (Bare, 475 Broome St.)

JACQUELINE FREEDMAN / NANCY MALKIN STEMBER—Geometric shapes in mixed mediums on paper. / Abstract acrylics. Through Jan. 9. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

ERNEST RUCKLE / KEN WATERSTREET—Ten paintings, a characteristic one showing a massive audience of cartoonlike figures at a football game between the California Unicorns and the Texas Silver Steers. / Canvases depicting closeups of soap bubbles. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

ROSALIND SHAFFER / EUNICE GOLDEN—Painted wood figures arranged in dance-hall scenes. / Erotic paintings, plus photographs. Through Jan. 15. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **AAMES**, 93 Prince St.: Paintings and sculptures by twenty-six artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. . . . **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: Drawings and other works by Lynda Benglis, Joel Shapiro, Brice Marden, and others. Through Jan. 8. . . . **14 SCULPTORS**, 75 Thompson St.: Sculptures and drawings by Kunio Izuka, Mashiko Kimura, and Alf Svendsen, among others. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.). . . **GREEN MOUNTAIN**, 135 Greene St.: Watercolors by Lawrence Campbell, Michael Chelminski, Elena Clough, and Dilys Evans. Through Thursday, Jan. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.). . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: A hundred and eighteen artists in a show marking the gallery's second anniversary. Through Jan. 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.). . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by Jack Mendenhall, sculptures by Thomas Bang, and conceptual pieces by Don Celender and Jerry Kearns. Through Saturday, Dec. 28.

OTHER GALLERIES

OTELLO GUARDUCCI—Sculptures in bronze and aluminum with nylon string, mounted on Lucite or marble bases. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Touchstone, 37 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—A retrospective of more than seven hundred and fifty drawings by the *Times*' theatrical caricaturist. Through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

CEDRIC SMITH—Black-and-white Photo-Realist paintings. Through Friday, Dec. 27. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Traditional African art—masks, figures, and so forth—from Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau, plus contemporary Makonde carvings and paintings from Mozambique. Through Feb. 1. . . . **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings, sculptures, prints, and photographs by members of this artists' coöperative, as well as by nonmembers. Through Jan. 12. (Fridays, 5 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

JILL KREMENTZ—A large exhibition of portraits of famous people, most of them writers, by an established portraitist whose work regularly appears in the *Times Book Review*, *Newsweek*, *Time*, and other publications. Krementz's great distinction is the simplicity and directness and attractiveness of her portraits—her ability to satisfy one's curiosity about what Doris Lessing and Susan Sontag and Kurt Vonnegut look like, and to make her subjects look good as well. We all look different from one moment to the next, and the photographer who catches us in a moment of rare grace is no less "truthful" than the one who prefers to see us as we usually are. Krementz sometimes attempts the sort of "environmental photography" that Arnold Newman is known for, and these contrived pictures are not her successes, though her picture of a satisfied Irving Stone in his posh, Stone-ish living room is a delightful exception. Through Friday, Dec. 27. (Nikon House, 437 Madison Ave., at 50th St.)

LEE FRIEDLANDER—More than fifty black-and-white prints from the last decade. Through Feb. 9. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WILLIAM LARSON / JAN GROOVER—Color prints, collages, and other work. / Conceptual prints, done in series. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

EVA RUBINSTEIN / JOSEPH SALTZER—Photographs. Through Jan. 25. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

JOHN STEWART—Carbon-charcoal prints of still-lifes. Through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

DORIS ULMANN (1882-1934)—Platinum prints of Appalachian Mountain people, black people from South Carolina, and still-lifes. Through Jan. 18. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Man Ray, T. H. Emerson, and Julia M. Cameron are among those represented in this show of more than fifty photographs. Through Feb. 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A hundred black-and-white photographs taken in Russia by Henri Cartier-Bresson. . . . ¶ Works by Werner Bischof, Robert Capa, David Seymour, Lewis W. Hine, Roman Vishniac, and Dan Weiner. . . . ¶ Ernst Haas, Burt Glinn, and Jay Maisel are included in a group show of color photography. All through Feb. 15. (Open Sundays.). . . **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY**, 344 E. 14th St.: An exhibit of photographs devoted to the subject of American attitudes toward youth and aging. Through Jan. 17. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.). . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Works by, among others, Dan McCormack, Eva Shaderowfsky, Joel Sternfeld, and Tom Brosterman. Through Monday, Dec. 30. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Monday, Dec. 30, from 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.). . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: A historical survey of American photography from 1841 to the present, made up of over two hundred and fifty pictures by eighty-five ranking photographers. Through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition misleadingly entitled "Chairs by Charles Rennie Mackintosh" presents twenty *reproductions* of chairs by Charles Rennie Mackintosh, which were produced by Filippo Alison, of the University of Naples, and are here displayed and backlighted in a way designed to dramatize their strong, strange lineaments and to obscure their unsettling newness. The originals were made in the eighteen-nineties and early nineteen-hundreds, and are unlike any furniture made before—or after. They are stolid, rectilinear wood chairs with eccentrically high backs, some painted white or gray and decorated with swirling lavender symbols and motifs, and the majority dark and entirely abstract, but by no means functional. Mackintosh (1868-1928), a Scottish architect and designer, was one of the moving forces in the revolution that changed the buildings and objects of the world from what they were in the nineteenth century to what they are today, and his work casts illumination on the murky relationship between Art Nouveau—that complex meld of Pre-Raphaelite, Japanese, Celtic, English arts-and-crafts, Blakeian, botanical, and primitive elements and influences—and the chaste forms of twentieth-century functionalism. The pieces on view illustrate the idea of furniture as ornament—one that was soon to be superseded by the idea of furniture *freed* of ornament, but that was a momentous change from furniture (or architecture) whose structure was one thing and its ornament another. The contribution of Art Nouveau to modern design (its contribution to modern art is something else) was the alternative it offered to historical ornament, and the unification, stylization, and simplification it imposed on the objects and buildings designed in its name. In the hands of a genius like Mackintosh—whose rectilinear forms and radical experiments with spatial relationships were presentiments of the International Style and offer parallels to the early work of Frank Lloyd Wright—the mannerism and sickly aestheticism that caused this transitional style to wither like a cankerous rose is triumphantly transcended and transmuted. The atmosphere of mystery and enchantment that pervades Mackintosh's work has (whether one likes this sort of thing or not) the compelling force of a painting by Klimt (who was influenced by Mackintosh) or a drawing by Beardsley. It is unfortunate, therefore, that the museum couldn't get, or didn't try to get, the real thing. The reproductions, however "lovingly" (as the sign says) constructed, lack that undefinable but unmistakable emotional quality that originals give off and that is particularly strong in Mackintosh's eerie work. There is a chair in the Design Collection—a great, strange, looming chair with an oval back rail, from an Argyle Street tearoom—that illustrates this distinction but that has been suddenly and inexplicably removed from its usual place on the second floor. In addition to the chairs, there are photographs of Mackintosh buildings and interiors, and an essay on Mackintosh written in the purple prose of Emilio Ambasz, curator of design, and printed in white on a matching purple wall. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ American prints (1913-63), including examples by John Marin and Robert Rauschenberg. Through March 3. . . . ¶ Eight young artists, among them Jan Dibbets and Dorothea Rockburne, from Europe, America, and Australia. Through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit jointly organized by the museum and the National Museums of France to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the first Impressionist exhibition in Paris. It includes works from the museum and from the Louvre, as well as from public and private

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

collections in the United States and Europe. Some, such as Renoir's "Le Moulin de la Galette," have never before been shown in this country. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Also visible: Clark Gable's dressing gown. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Italian Renaissance drawings from the Louvre by Raphael, Correggio, Michelangelo, and others. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Works lent by art dealers from twelve countries, in addition to pieces owned by the museum and purchased from the art dealers Joseph and Ernest Brummer, in a display intended to point up the importance of dealers in the formation of museums and private collections. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the illuminated Book of Hours, the newly published facsimile of it, and color transparencies. Through Jan. 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and New Year's Day, 11 to 4:45.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Venezuelan artist Jesús Rafael Soto, including a new walk-through construction made of plastic filaments. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Modern sculptures by, among others, Brancusi, Arp, and Boccioni, from the Lydia and Harry Lewis Winston collection and from the museum's collection. Through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings from the last ten years by the first-generation Abstract Expressionist Richard Pousette-Dart. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Paintings done in tempera on gesso panels from 1947 to the present by a realist, George Tooker. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ Drawings and paintings by Tony Robbin. Through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Christo, Rafael Ferrer, Robert Rauschenberg, and others used nontraditional studio processes, such as sewing and wrapping, to create these works in mixed mediums. Through Jan. 23. (Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 30-31, and Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, from 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-seven lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts from the twenties and thirties by Charles Sheeler, Rockwell Kent, Philip Evergood, and others. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ The nineteenth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints. Through Jan. 5. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shadow figures and other Asian puppets arranged so that they seem to be enacting a drama. Through April 20. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and New Year's Day, 11 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of paintings chosen by a committee for possible purchase under a Childe Hassam bequest for distribution to museums in the United States and Canada. Among the artists this time are Nell Blaine, Grace Hartigan, Ben Kamihira, and Larry Rivers. Through Sunday, Dec. 29. (Daily, except Christmas, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans, done in Suchow, China, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, from the John M. Crawford, Jr., collection. Through Jan. 26. (Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A selection of a hundred and fifty volumes—novels, scientific works, nature studies—demonstrating the first use (in 1844) and later progress (through 1914) of photography as illustration. Through Feb. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of photographs, taken in May, 1938, of the large apartment in Vienna where Sigmund Freud lived and worked for nearly fifty years. Through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

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				25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of drawings—from the sixteenth century to the present—of stage designs from the collection of Donald Oenslager. . . . ¶ Medieval manuscripts from the William S. Glazier collection. . . . ¶ A small display of various early editions (including a first edition of 1516) of Ludovico Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." All through Feb. 2. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Tuesday, Dec. 31, from 10:30 to 1.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A superb exhibition of about eighty hooked rugs. Through Jan. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Creation in Clay," a show of pottery figure-sculptures from pre-Columbian Mexico and Peru, plus Africa and New Guinea. Through Sunday, Dec. 29. (Thursdays and Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective show of more than three hundred and fifty works (objects, paintings, drawings, collages, and photographs, for example) by Man Ray, in honor of his eighty-fifth birthday. Through March 2. . . . ¶ Twenty-three paintings by the nineteenth-century French Salon painter William-Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905). Through Feb. 2. A complementary show is at the Hammer Galleries, 51 E. 57th St. (Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—About five hundred glass paperweights produced in America from 1845 to 1960. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display observing the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet Robert Frost. Among the articles on view are manuscripts, first editions, and correspondence. Through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 9 to 9.). . . ¶ An exhibition marking the centennial of Owen D. Young includes some hundred and sixty items from his collection of rare books, autograph letters, original manuscripts, and sketches, which he presented to the Berg Collection of English and American Literature in 1941. Through April 12. (Weekdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings, prints, murals, and photographs by a number of artists. Through Jan. 19. (Thursday through Tuesday, Dec. 26-31, from 1 to 9; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, from 10 to 6; Saturday, Jan. 4, from 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 25: "Don Pasquale," with Adriana Maliponte, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni; conducted by Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 26: "Boris Godunov," with Martti Talvela, Mignon Dunn, Harry Theyard, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, William Dooley, Lenus Carlson, Paul Plishka, and Donald Gramm; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 27: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Theodor Uppman, Fernando Corena, and Gene Boucher; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 28: "Turandot," with Ingrid Bjoner, Adriana Maliponte, Franco Corelli, Robert Goodloe, and James Morris; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 28: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and David Ward, and "Gianni Schicchi," with Judith Blegen, Irene Dalis, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Clifford Harvuot; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 30: "Boris Godunov," with Martti Talvela, Mignon Dunn, Harry Theyard, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, William Dooley, Lenus Carlson, Paul Plishka, and Donald Gramm; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 31: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Love, Barry Morell, Theodor Uppman, and Nico Castel; Richard Woitach. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 1: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Elinor Ross, Mildred Miller, Carlotta Ordassy, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani, and "Pagliacci," with Anna Moffo, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 2: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and David Ward, and "Gianni Schicchi," with Judith Blegen, Irene Dalis, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Clifford Harvuot; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 3.: "Don Pasquale," with Adriana Maliponte, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 4: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Theodor Uppman, Fernando Corena, and Gene Boucher; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 4: "Boris Godunov," with Martti Talvela, Mignon Dunn, Harry Theyard, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, William Dooley, Lenus Carlson, Paul Plishka, and Donald Gramm; Thomas Schippers. (Evenings at 8; on Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:30. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts next week, when Pierre Boulez will conduct, with Igor Kipnis, harpsichord; Paige Brook, flute; and Eliot Chapo, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 3, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 7:30.)

New York String Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting the second of two concerts, this one with Gerard Schwarz, trumpet. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3.)

Musica Sacra of New York Chorus and Orchestra—Richard Westenburg directing performances of Handel's "Messiah," with

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Judith Blegen, soprano; Daniel Collins, countertenor; Seth McCoy, tenor; and Richard Anderson, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 27, and Monday, Dec. 30, at 8.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing the last in a series of performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Sandra Darling, soprano, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 1:30.)

VIENNA CHOIR BOYS—Anton Neyder directing. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 1:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 1:30 and 6; and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 30-31, at 1:30.)

RECITALS

CLEVELAND BAROQUE SOLOISTS—Doris Ornstein, harpsichord; Penelope Jensen, soprano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 27, at 8.)

FESTIVAL WINDS—With Jean Hakes, soprano. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 5:30 and 8:30.)

RUTH LAREDO—Piano, in the second (postponed from Nov. 26) of two recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8.)

DAVID ENSEMBLE—Vocal and instrumental music, performed by Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Ani Kavafian, violin; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND ON THE ROAD—A rock musical, with music and lyrics by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Christmas at 3 and 7; Thursday, Dec. 26, at 3 and 8; Fridays, Saturdays, and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; Sundays at 3 and 7; New Year's Day at 3; and Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

OREGON AND ALLA RAKHA—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 8.

ETTA JONES AND THE HOUSTON PERSON TRIO—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3. No tickets necessary.

ROOSEVELT SYKES—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3.

BOBBY VINTON—With Cowboy Tony Garland. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 29, at 8:30.)

ANTHONY NEWMAN AND ALLA RAKHA—With others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Dec. 30, at 8.)

BLUE OYSTER CULT—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 541-7290.

MOUNTAIN—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 8 and 11:30.

CHARLIE BYRD, BARNEY KESSEL, AND HERB ELLIS—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, Dec. 25, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. New Orleans, Saturday, Dec. 28, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Phoenix, Thursday, Jan. 2, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Memphis, Monday, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Jan. 3.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Friday, Dec. 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Kansas City Scouts, Sunday, Dec. 29, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Jan. 1, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:05.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays, except Christmas, at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 4. The Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 28. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Christmas, at noon; through Tuesday, May 27. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays, except Christmas, at 12:30; through Wednesday, Jan. 1. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Thursday, Jan. 2, through Saturday, March 15.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays, except Christmas, at 8; through Saturday, March 1.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN:** "The Pirates of Penzance," Friday, Dec. 27, at 2:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 28-29, at 4. . . . ¶ "Princess Ida," Saturday, Jan. 4, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.). . . **VIENNA CHOIR BOYS:** Anton Neyder directing. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 1:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 1:30 and 6; and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 30-31, at 1:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Christmas at 2:30, plus Thursday through Tuesday, Dec. 26-31, and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 12:30 and 3:30.). . . **BLUE PEACOCK PLAYERS:** "Fables and Dances of the Orient." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Friday, Dec. 27, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.). . . **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?," Thursday, Dec. 26, at 11 and 1. . . . ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Friday, Dec. 27, at 11 and 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.). . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM:** "Light, Canvas, Action!" (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 27, at 3, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 28-29, at 11:30 and 3.). . . **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "Are There Alligators in the Sewers of the City of New York?" (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Dec. 30, at 11 and 1.). . . **NEW YORK CHILDREN'S THEATRE CENTER:** "Hansel and Gretel" and other stories from the Brothers Grimm, Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 11 and 2. . . . ¶ Oliver Twist," Saturday, Dec. 28, and Monday, Dec. 30, at 11 and 2. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536.). . . **POKO PUPPETS:** "Commedia dell'Arte." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "A Midnight Clear;" through Jan. 6. (Special holiday schedule: Thursday, Dec. 26, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8; Friday, Dec. 27, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday, Dec. 30, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 1, 2, 3, and 4; New Year's Day at 1, 2:30, and 4; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 2 and 3:30; and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 25-27, and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1, from 8 to 10 A.M.

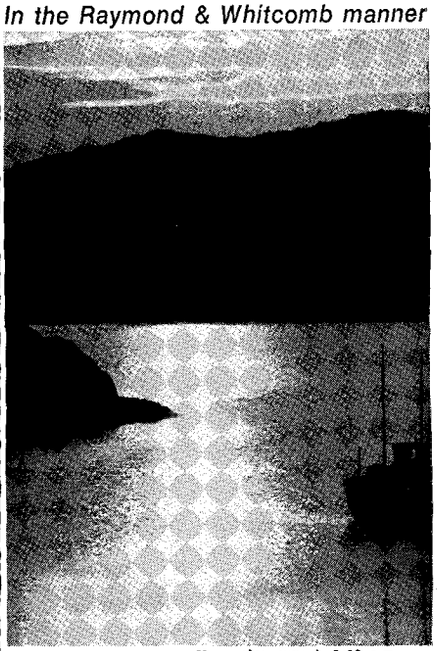
ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

AMERICAN ART DECO ARCHITECTURE—An exhibition of black-and-white photographs, depicting examples of designs from the nineteen-thirties. Included are views of Hoover Dam, the Golden Gate Bridge, Detroit's Fisher Building, and Oakland's Paramount Theatre. Through Jan. 5. (Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St. Daily, except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIVING—Sunday, Dec. 29, from noon to 4, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 57th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, will be closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall. . . . ¶ On New Year's Eve, from 11 P.M. to 1 A.M., a free party will be given by the city's Parks Administration at Bethesda Fountain in Central Park; music, balloons, refreshments (not free), and fireworks are on the agenda. A parade, featuring jugglers, members of the Irish Arts Center, and musicians, will form at 86th Street and Broadway at 10:15, move into the Park through the 72nd Street entrance, and proceed up the Mall to the Fountain.

In the Raymond & Whitcomb manner



Norwegian sunset, 2:00 a.m.

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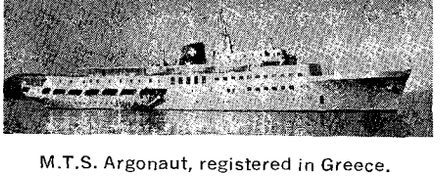

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Dec. 28: "A Star Is Born" and "State Fair."
Dec. 29-31: "Ninotchka" and "Tovarich."
From Jan. 1: "Scarface" and "Hell's Angels."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Dec. 31: "The Longest Yard" and "Play It Again, Sam."
From Jan. 1 (tentative): "That's Entertainment!" and "Ten from Your Show of Shows."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"That'll Be the Day."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 31: "The Longest Yard."
From Jan. 1: "That's Entertainment!"

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Young Frankenstein."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Steppenwolf."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Young Frankenstein."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Towering Inferno."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Night Porter."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Front Page."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Man with the Golden Gun."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Man with the Golden Gun."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"That'll Be the Day."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Lenny."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Stavisky."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
"The Lenny Bruce Performance Film."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Freebie and the Bean."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lacombe, Lucien."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Godfather, Part II."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 31: "That's Entertainment!"
From Jan. 1: "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three."

JULIET 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Island at the Top of the World."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Godfather, Part II."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Godfather, Part II."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Freebie and the Bean."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Abby."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Man with the Golden Gun."

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
The theatre's programming schedule is of Byzantine complexity. Our best information is that the following films will be playing at one time or another in the period from Dec. 25 through Jan. 1: "Footlight Parade," "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Women in Love," "The Maltese Falcon," "Some Like It Hot," "The Killing," "Paths of Glory," "A Streetcar Named Desire," "Midnight Cowboy," and "The Decameron." Also, Mondays through Fridays, programs of independently made films, and a midnight show daily.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Le Fantôme de la Liberté."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 31: "That's Entertainment!"
From Jan. 1: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Man with the Golden Gun."

QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Dec. 31 at one or another of the theatres: "Death Wish" and "Serpico"/"Harry & Tonto" and "Cinderella Liberty"/"Blazing Saddles" and "The Producers"/"The Trial of Billy Jack."
From Jan. 1: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Dec. 25: "Greetings" and "Hi, Mom!"
Dec. 26: "Closely Watched Trains" and "Love Affair."
Dec. 27-28: "Casablanca" and "The Maltese Falcon."
Dec. 29-30: "Yojimbo" and "Throne of Blood."
Dec. 31: "Ikiru" and "The Drunken Angel."
Jan. 1: "Red Beard."
Jan. 2: "La Guerre Est Finie" and "Last Year at Marienbad."
Note: Sunday, Dec. 29, one performance, at noon: "King Lear."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Rumpelstiltskin" and "Charlotte's Web."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Little Prince."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Earthquake."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Gambler."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Front Page."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 25: "The Red Shoes" and "Cinderella."
Dec. 26: "Key Largo" and "Beat the Devil."
Dec. 27: "Rashomon" and "The Seven Samurai."
Dec. 28: "Gimme Shelter" and "Privilege."
Dec. 29: "Top Hat" and "42nd Street."
Dec. 30: "Nosferatu" and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."
Dec. 31: "Casablanca" and "To Have and Have Not."
Jan. 1: "The 400 Blows" and "My Uncle Antoine."
Jan. 2: "One-Eyed Jacks" and "Viva Zapata!"

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Emmanuelle."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Young Frankenstein."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
To be announced.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Les Violons du Bal."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Le Fantôme de la Liberté."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"The Odessa File."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Black Thursday."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 30: "Yellow Submarine" and "A Hard Day's Night."
From Dec. 31: "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three" and "Juggernaut."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Airport 1975."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 31: "The Longest Yard" and "The Friends of Eddie Coyle."
From Jan. 1: "That's Entertainment!" and "Ten from Your Show of Shows."

FILM LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 26 at 2: "Vampyr" (1930) directed by Carl Dreyer, with Julien West and Sybille Schmitz; little dialogue, no English titles. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 5:30: "Tonight or Never" (1972), in German, directed by Daniel Schmid, with Ingrid Caven; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 8: "La Paloma" (1974), in French and German, directed by Daniel Schmid, with Ingrid Caven and Bulle Ogier; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 2: "Alfred R.—A Life and a Film"

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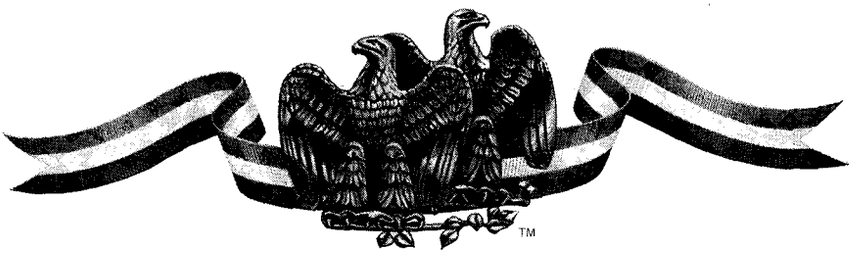

Two majestic eagles, symbolizing the first two centuries of America. One looks proudly to the past, the other confidently to the future.

The Double Eagle has been selected by the U. S. Bicentennial Society as its official symbol of the Bicentennial.

Organized three years ago by citizens representing art, history, drama, philosophy and architecture, the Society is now working with museums, foundations and industry on various Bicentennial projects. Cooperating institutions include: Smithsonian Institution, National Gallery of Art, St. Louis Art Museum, Metropolitan Museum of Art, North Carolina Museum of Art, Chase Manhattan Bank, Colby College Museum, Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, Morristown National Historical Park Museum, U. S. Military Academy, U. S. Naval Academy, Massachusetts Historical Society, White House Historical Association, Wadsworth Atheneum and the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

The Society recognizes that many Americans want to acquire during the next several years historic and artistic objects of quality that will serve as cherished and tasteful reminders of the American Bicentennial.

To help answer this need, the Society, a private, non-governmental organization, is appointing one company in each designated product group as the authorized manufacturer for that category. There will, of course, be a large number of companies other than those authorized by the Society offering Bicentennial commemorative products. Many of these will be of excellent quality. Others may be of questionable value.

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U. S. Bicentennial Society

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(1972), directed by Georg Radnowicz, with Xavier Koller; no dialogue. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 5:30 and Dec. 28 at noon: "Retour à la Raison" (1923), directed by Man Ray; "Symphonie Diagonale" (1924), directed by Viking Eggeling; "Ballet Mécanique" (1924), directed by Fernand Léger; "Entr'acte" (1924), directed by René Clair; and "Menilmontant" (1925), directed by Dimitri Kirsanov. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 3: "Black Out" (1970), in French, directed by Jean-Louis Roy, with Lucie Avenay and Marcel Merminod; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 5:30: "Ex" (1970), directed by Kurt Gloor, and "Naïve Painters in Eastern Switzerland" (1973), directed by Richard Dino; both in German, with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 12:30 and 3: "The Long, Long Trailer" (1954), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 5:30: "The Long Home Lace-Makers" (1973), in German, directed by Yves Yersin; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 2: "Ex" and "Naïve Painters in Eastern Switzerland." . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 5:30: "Black Out." . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 2 and Jan. 1 at 5:30: "Day of Wrath" (1943), in Danish, directed by Carl Dreyer, with Thorkild Roose; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 5:30: "James or Not" (1970), in French, directed by Michel Soutter, with Jean-Luc Bideau; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 8: "The Escapade" (1973), in French, directed by Michel Soutter, with Jean-Louis Trintignant; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Dec. 25: "The Three Caballeros" (1945), a Walt Disney full-length film. . . . ¶ Dec. 26: A program of four Man Ray films. . . . ¶ Dec. 27: "Dreams That Money Can Buy" (1945), a seven-episode film, directed by Hans Richter. . . . ¶ Dec. 28-29: A program of cartoons by Tex Avery. . . . ¶ Jan. 1: A program of cartoons by Chuck Jones. . . . ¶ Jan. 2: A program of four Man Ray films. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 3:30 and 5:30. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Dec. 28: "Old Fashioned Woman," directed by Martha Coolidge, and "Nana, Mom and Me," directed by Amalie Rothschild. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 29: "The Shadow Catcher: Edward S. Curtis and the North American Indian," directed by T. C. McLuhan. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 2, and 4. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information. Closed Christmas.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by the Apparition Theatre of New York, Devyatkin, Bresson, Brakhage, Broughton, and others. Showings Dec. 25-27 at 8; Dec. 28 at noon, 2:30, and 8; Dec. 29 at 8; Dec. 31 at 5, 7, and 9; Jan. 1 at 5, 7, and 9:30; and Jan. 2 at 5 and 7.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Abby—With William Marshall and Terry Carter, directed by William Girdler. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Airport 1975—Processed schlock. This could only have been designed as a TV movie and then blown up to cheapie-epic proportions. One can have a fairly good time laughing at it, but it doesn't sit too well as a joke, because the people on the screen are being humiliated. Jack Smight directed, fumblingly; Karen Black and Charlton Heston do the most emoting. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/28/74.) (Thalia.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, the remarks of town oddities. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun: small-town self-importance, full of braggadocio in ways that Fellini understands and loves. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (8th St. Playhouse; starting Jan. 1.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 26.)

Black Thursday—With Christian Rist and Christine Pascal, directed by Michel Mitrani. In French. (New Yorker.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 31.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world as a madman sees it. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 30.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Elgin; Dec. 27-28. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 31.)

Charlotte's Web (1973)—A mediocre animated musical version of the E. B. White story; a betrayal, though probably more through insensitivity and lack of imagination than through deliberate vulgarization. (Guild.)

Cinderella (1961)—A full-length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 25.)

Cinderella Liberty (1973)—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience. (1/21/74) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 31.)

Closely Watched Trains (1966)—Jiri Menzel's ironic, tragicomic account of how a young man wins an amorous prize and becomes a dead hero. Perhaps because this was Menzel's first film, the sequence in which an assistant stationmaster rubber-stamps a girl telegrapher's buttocks is more easily recalled than the point of the story—which appears to be that the hero is absurdly done in, like his foolish forebears. In Czech. (Elgin; Dec. 26.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 31.)

The Drunken Angel (1948)—Early Kurosawa (and a masterwork if you respond to him) about a doctor working in the human debris of a Japanese slum just after the war. Photographed with an eye like a needle, and written with a liquid sense of shape (by Kurosawa, in collaboration). Mifune is already his leading actor. In Japanese (Elgin; Dec. 31.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (Ziegfeld.)

Emmanuelle—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté—The theme of Buñuel's latest turns out to be freedom in the sense of "chance": the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is a piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Waverly, and Embassy 72nd St.)

42nd Street (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was an unofficial remake of the 1929 "On with the Show," but it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 29.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's amazing, eloquent, indispensable first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 1.)

Freebie and the Bean—With Alan Arkin and James Caan, directed by Richard Rush. (Beekman, and 86th St. East.)

The Friends of Eddie Coyle (1973)—Ineffective movie based on the George V. Higgins book—which should have been first-rate movie material. Robert Mitchum, looking appropriately square-headed, tries hard, but nothing really meshes in this movie. The actor who comes across best is Richard Jordan, as the smart, treacherous cop. The director, Peter Yates, doesn't seem to know how to tell a story, and he certainly doesn't know the Boston Irish locale. With Peter Boyle. (Olympia; through Dec. 31.)

The Front Page—The third film version of the Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur play, this time with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. Directed by Billy Wilder. (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Gambler—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist; the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with

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his students at City University. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing off. (10/14/74) (Festival.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones on their American tour, and especially at the disaster at Altamont. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 28.)

The Godfather, Part II—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Loews Tower East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Ciné.)

Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented performers, including Robert De Niro, Gerrit Graham, and Allen Garfield. Directed by Brian De Palma, who made the whole thing on a shoestring of less than forty thousand dollars. (Elgin; Dec. 25.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent but compelling study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 2.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Symphony; through Dec. 30.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 31.)

Hell's Angels (1930)—The aviation footage is still something to see, with great shots of zeppelin warfare; toward the end of the first half, a zeppelin looms through the clouds, which part at moments to show London below. The story, involving two brothers (Ben Lyon and James Hall) and the near-ludicrous teasing of Jean Harlow, is still tedious bargain-counter rubbish. Howard Hughes and James Whale are credited with the directing. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 1.)

Hi, Mom! (1970)—A breezy, cant film by Brian De Palma, about—well, what's happening, and this is where it's at, and right on. A white boy back from Vietnam and dully crazed by New York capitalism takes to making blue movies and then acts with a modish revolutionary theatrical company called "Be Black, Baby." The inanities are sometimes funny, sometimes pretty forced. (Elgin; Dec. 25.)

Ikiru (1952)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman (Takashi Shimura) doomed by cancer, as he explores the ways of confronting death. There are long passages that are rather impenetrable, but there's a superb sequence—almost an epiphany—when the dying man sits in a swing in the snow and hums a little song. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Elgin; Dec. 31.)

The Island at the Top of the World—From the Disney Studios, with David Hartman and Donald Sinden. Directed by Robert Stevenson. (U. A. East.)

Juggernaut—Fast, crackerjack entertainment by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. (The plot is about a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hundred passengers.) The genre may be that of "The Poseidon Adventure," but the tone isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. With Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sharif, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, and Roy Kinnear. (10/7/74) (Symphony; starting Dec. 31.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for an Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overacting. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 26.)

King Lear (1971)—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, have dead eyes. You may feel dead while you watch. (Elgin; Sunday, Dec. 29, one performance, at noon.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones—A concert on film. (Playboy.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 2.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film, from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and, having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Cinema I.)

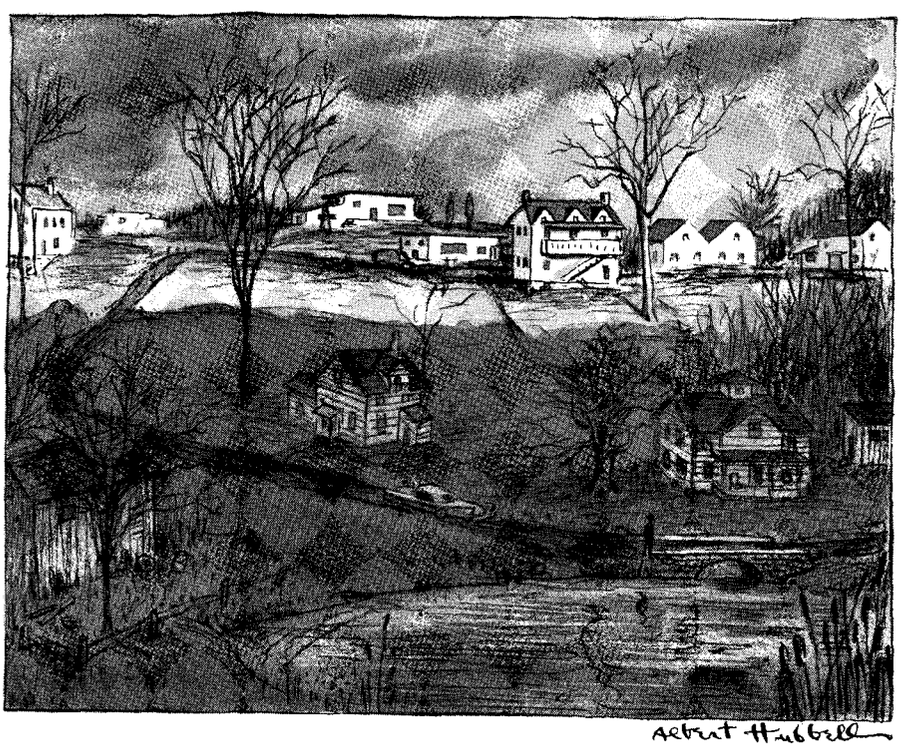
The Lenny Bruce Performance Film—An actual Lenny Bruce performance, recorded, however, at the end of his career, in August, 1965, at Basin Street West, San Francisco. (First Avenue Screening Room.)

The Little Prince—The Saint-Exupéry book, the first of the modern mystic-quest books to become a pop hit, is a distillation of melancholy, and it comes close to being self-glorifying, masochistic mush. Possibly something might have been made of the material if Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the movie script, along with the lyrics for Frederick Loewe's music, had a more delicate feeling for spiritual yearning. The director, Stanley Donen, is handicapped by the intractably graceless writing and by the Big Broadway sound of the Lerner-Loewe score. Bob Fosse's snake-in-the-grass dance number is the film's high spot, and Gene Wilder, as a red fox, triumphs over some of his material. As the child Prince, Steven Warner holds the screen affectingly; as the author-aviator, Richard Kiley is pleasant enough but colorless. (12/2/74) (Music Hall.)

The Longest Yard—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Olympia; through Dec. 31.)

Love Affair (1968)—Yugoslav, not half bad, about an affair between—we swear—a switchboard operator and a rat exterminator. (Elgin; Dec. 26.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an



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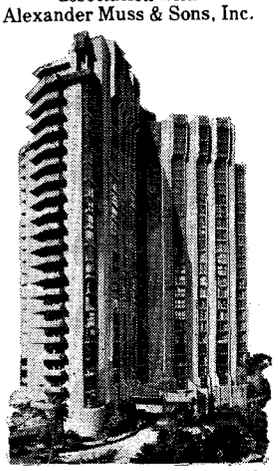

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economical—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Elgin; Dec. 27-28.)

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN—The ninth in the James Bond series, with Roger Moore portraying Bond. Directed by Guy Hamilton. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Greenwich.)

MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

MY UNCLE ANTOINE (1971)—A good French-Canadian picture about rural Quebec, made by Claude Jutra. The sense of small-town society is accurately serious and funny—whispers, giggles, children spying, flurries of love affairs. Jutra himself plays a village-store clerk; it is a wonderful study in sheepishness tinged with truculence. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 1.)

THE NIGHT PORTER—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Fine Arts.)

NINOTCHKA (1939)—Garbo in Lubitsch's comedy—the one famous for her laughing for the first time, though it should be even more famous for the way her innate eloquence pierces the Lubitsch kitsch. She is a Russian on the run—to flee a country, or to look for a love, which she somehow manages to make seem everyone's condition. Garbo is implicitly omniscient as no other actress ever seems to have been—the world's parent. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 29-31.)

NOSFERATU (1922)—F. W. Murnau's famous vampire movie—part of everyone's movie-going subconscious of bite tactics and of disposal methods for the prone-to-be-bitten. Wonderfully photographed: Murnau gave distinction to dross. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 30.)

THE ODESSA FILE—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Loews 83rd St.)

ONE-EYED JACKS (1961)—Marlon Brando, the Great Unpredictable, is both star and director of this Western about a bandit whose only purpose is to kill his former partner. As the prospective victim, Karl Malden makes a tough and worthy antagonist. Katy Jurado and Pina Pellicer, a young Mexican actress, give aid and comfort to the two enemies. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 2.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 31.)

PRIVILEGE (1967)—A bad dream of England in the near future, ruled by a pop-singer Savior who is the puppet of a scared, near-Fascist government and a weak Church. The best of the film is Peter Watkins' eye for the human detail of sycophancy and suppressed hysteria. Beautifully photographed by Peter Suschitsky. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 28.)

THE PRODUCERS (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 31.)

RASHOMON (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman lies dead. This double crime is acted out in the versions of the three participants and a witness. Akira Kurosawa's great enigmatic film created a new interest in Japanese cinema. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the husband, and Takashi Shimura as the witness. From stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 27.)

RED BEARD (1965)—Kurosawa's film, close to two and a half hours long, is set in the slums of Japan in the nineteenth century. Mifune is Red Beard—a grunting, unscrupulous herodoctor who keeps an essential clinic open by one-man Mafia means. Kurosawa is very interested by such resolute and uncommendable saints. The style of the film is flowing and full of high attack. In Japanese. (Elgin; Jan. 1.)

THE RED SHOES (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people as romantically as Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" does, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high kitsch. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 25.)

SCARFACE (1932)—The gangster classic, with Paul Muni as the dangerous hood with the scar on his cheek, and Ann Dvorak as his sister. Ben Hecht and the director, Howard Hawks, said that they wrote the story by treating the Capone family "as if they were the Borgias set down in Chicago." With George Raft, Osgood Perkins, Boris Karloff, and Karen Morley. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 1.)

SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie is wonderfully literate and constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. The mood of their assignation on their annulled twentieth wedding anniversary is tender, farcical, and indestructible. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Art, and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

SERPICO (1973)—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 31.)

THE SEVEN SAMURAI (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 27.)

A STAR IS BORN (1937)—The first version, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March. A lat-

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er, box-office-failure version starred Judy Garland and James Mason, and a new one is threatened; there have also been countless rip-offs in movies and on TV, and more of those are also impending. The director here, William Wellman, had a hand in the story, and Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, and Robert Carson devised the script, which purports to tell the true inside story of Hollywood and the perils of fame—how Vicki Lester becomes a great star, while her spoiled, bigheaded husband, Norman Maine, sinks via alcoholism and despair. (John Barrymore's actual experiences in a sanatorium were said to have been incorporated into the script.) The film is a peculiar sort of masochistic, self-congratulatory Hollywood orgy. Maybe it's a clue to the essential phoniness of the idea that the story has actually worked in reverse: in both the big versions so far, the top women stars who played the rising young stars were actually on their way down, while the men who played the sinking-into-oblivion Norman Maine both went on to fine careers. The cast here includes Adolphe Menjou, Lionel Stander, May Robson, Edgar Kennedy, Andy Devine, and Owen Moore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 28.)

State Fair (1933)—Will Rogers in a homey, good-natured comedy romance that was a huge popular success. He is the farmer who takes his big black-and-white hog, Blue Boy, to compete at the fair. (When the hog feels poorly, Rogers accuses him of shamming.) At the fair, the farmer's daughter, Janet Gaynor, meets a newspaperman, Lew Ayres, and the farmer's son, Norman Foster, encounters a trapeze performer, Sally Eilers; meanwhile, the farmer's wife, Louise Dresser, wins prizes for her pickles, jams, and mincemeat. Frank Craven has a leading role, playing a storekeeper, and Victor Jory appears as a barker. The romance of Foster and Eilers is dismal, but the rest is highly satisfying. Henry King directed; based on Phil Stong's novel. Has been remade a couple of times, but this version is the best by far. It's folksy stuff, all right, but Will Rogers and Frank Craven knew how to satirize the characters they embodied, and Janet Gaynor knew how to sneak into the audience's heart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 28.)

Stavisky—About the French swindler of the twenties and thirties, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Boyer. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Cinema II.)

Steppenwolf—Based on the Hermann Hesse novel, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda. Directed by Fred Haines. (Eastside Cinema.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (10/28/74) (Symphony; starting Dec. 31. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Jan. 1.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows (1973)—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (3/3/73) (Olympia; starting Jan. 1. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 1, tentative.)

That'll Be the Day—With David Essex and Ringo Starr, directed by Claude Whatham. (Cinema Village, and Ciné Malibu.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (72nd Street East, and 8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Olympia; starting Jan. 1. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 1, tentative.)

Throne of Blood (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The sound track pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (Elgin; Dec. 29-30.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Directed by Howard Hawks, with a general jokey love of honky-tonk. Courtship sparring between Humphrey Bogart at his most proficient and a then newcomer called Lauren Bacall, dusky-voiced and nervy, all mock toughness. Loosely based on Hemingway, about Bogart tangled up in Vichy violence in the West Indies. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 31.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day?" and "Cheek to Cheek," and it's a lovely movie. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 29.)

Tovarich (1937)—The thirties stage play about penniless Russian royalty happy to get jobs as servants in a Paris household is the sort of vehicle that comes to life in the theatre because of the opportunities it affords dazzling technicians. In the movie version, directed by Anatole Litvak, Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer are charming enough, but the whole thing seems rather attenuated. It's pleasant, but there's no conviction in it, and not much life either. With Basil Rathbone, Anita Louise, and Morris Carnovsky. From the play by Jacques Deval, adapted by Robert E. Sherwood. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 29-31.)

The Towering Inferno—Fire on the one-hundred-and-thirty-fifth floor of a new building. With Steve McQueen, Paul Newman, William Holden, and Faye Dunaway. Directed by John Guillermin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trans-Lux East.)

The Trial of Billy Jack—A maudlin sequel to the 1971 "Billy Jack" which for two hours and fifty minutes expands on the most melodramatic elements of the earlier film. This big Pentecostal tub-thumping show, a manifestation of the square, simplistic, reactionary left, brings together the worst of mass culture and the worst of the counterculture. (11/25/74) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 31.)

Les Violons du Bal—With Marie-Josée Nat and Jean-Louis Trintignant, directed by Michel Drach. In French. (Regency.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, aged twenty-seven, has an acting presence that weights the screen like a fish in a net. He plays a Mexican peasant in this hectic staging by Elia Kazan of John Steinbeck's screenplay. Steinbeck's fake literariness nearly sinks everything. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 2.)

A Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force, a whole row of Oscars—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Columbia I, and Columbia II.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Symphony; through Dec. 30.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to Westerners. In Japanese. (Elgin; Dec. 29-30.)

Young Frankenstein—A comedy takeoff on Mary Shelley's novel, with Gene Wilder and Peter Boyle. Directed by Mel Brooks. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Sutton, and Paramount.)

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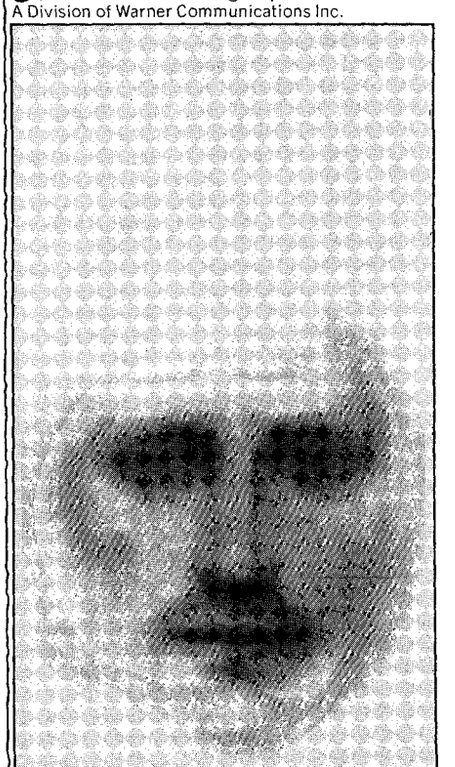
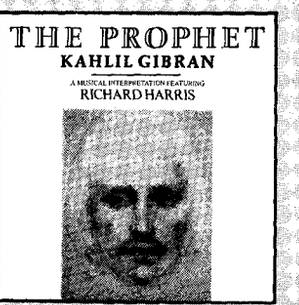


The Prophet, Kahlil Gibran's beloved masterpiece, a work which has inspired millions with its profound and universal philosophy of life is now a brilliant recording.

Interpreted musically by Arif Mardin and told with stirring beauty by Richard Harris, "The Prophet" is a magnificent album.

"The Prophet" a musical interpretation featuring Richard Harris with music composed by Arif Mardin is on Atlantic Records and tapes.



Produced by Arif Mardin

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How the NEW man will see the OLD year out!

Again Altman's quietly **astonishes** the men's world by showing a totally new gentleman's party suit. It most certainly doesn't resemble the conservative and expected Altman "tux" look. But, if we are going to fly in the face of our own tradition, we'll go first class.

That's why we asked Mr. Sal Cesarani of Country Britches to come see us. We like his soft spoken designing. That's about all you can call it. His clothing always looks different, but it's "Altman" different, which means it's tasteful at all costs and quality at practical cost.

We asked him to come up with a new party suit that had the **panache** of a British officer's dress uniform. We think this paisley jacket has got it down pat.

12 Tuck Shirt 25.00

The jacket can be made formal by simply putting on navy dress pants with a regimental stripe. Add a satin bow tie and slip into sleek navy slippers. If you're going to stay in your **own pad** and want to look just like those men you always see in **"W,"** wear gray flannel trousers and add our 12 tuck sheer cotton shirt. Keep the top two buttons open and tie on **(English style, please)** a red ascot.

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The jacket is cut in a 55% wool and 45% cotton, an English fabric that gives you all the body you ever want with all the lightness you need in **"party crushes."** It's a bright red paisley, the traditional one from **Paisley, Scotland.** It costs just 145.00 and takes a gentleman right out of the **"Oh no!** There's another guy in my Black Watch plaid jacket" syndrome. So come check out our big new Men's Store. It's one more reason why people are saying

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is a most surprising store.

P.S. Sorry no mail or phone orders.

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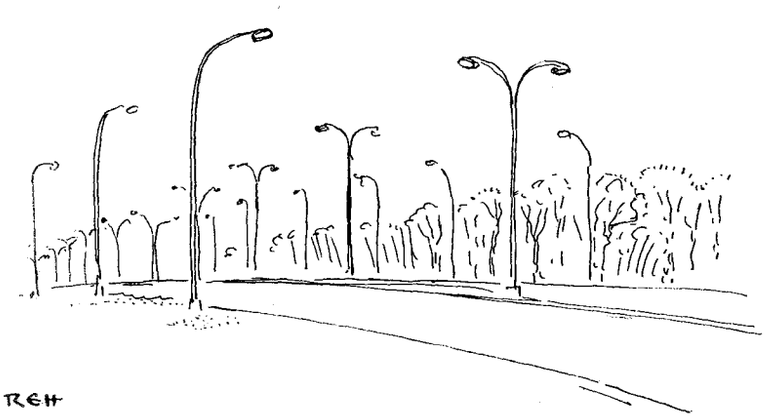
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"WHAT do you love?" Mabel Dodge Luhan, the mistress of a sumptuous salon in the Village sixty-odd years ago, once asked Walter Lippmann, who died here the week before last, at eighty-five. Lippmann replied, "The living world." And so, indeed, he did; he loved, in a word, everything. To his readers he was a sage. The truth is that he was a sage and vastly more. He earned a comfortable living and a worldwide reputation as a journalist, but he never committed, in Woodrow Wilson's derisive phrase, "mere literature." He was, for one thing, an innovative power in American public life. For reasons best known to himself, he always denied this, claiming that objectivity was for him a pearl of great price, and, a bit imperiously, commanding other journalists to join him in the quest to attain and preserve it. As it happened, he never, or hardly ever, took his own advice. He had a finger in just about every political pie here and abroad. At General Pershing's field headquarters in 1918, he contributed heavily to the satanic art of psychological warfare—perhaps his only fall from moral grace. A year later, he was in Paris, ostensibly as a public-relations man for Woodrow Wilson and his estimable but doomed Fourteen Points. However, only six of the famous Fourteen were in fact Wilson's; the rest were Lippmann's. Wilson's were the obligatory ones about freedom of the seas, the autonomous development of peoples, and so on; Lippmann's were the hard, substantive ones regarding frontiers, demographics, sovereignties. He made this contribution as executive secretary of the Inquiry, a largely clandestine outfit that worked out of the American Geographical Society—not to be confused with the National Geographic Society. The putative boss of the Inquiry, which was charged by Wilson and Colonel Edward M. House with compiling data on which to base American peace terms, was Isaiah Bowman, a renowned geographer and the director of the Society. The experience made the young Lippmann a great respecter of geography. He knew more about geopolitics than Sir Halford John Mackinder, the British geographer whose ideas were perverted by the Nazis to serve Hitler's *Lebensraum* policy, ever did. At the start of the war, when Lippmann was striding toward the New Freedom with Wilson and Colonel House, he dropped in at the State Department and was scandalized to discover that the shirtsleeves and green eyeshades at the Balkan desk were working with a map of the region issued in 1870; it was for that very reason that the Inquiry would be needed a few years later. A lasting concept of Lippmann's was that nations almost never yield at the baize-covered tables of the diplomats as much as a kilometre taken on the Champs de Mars.

Some years later, with Calvin Coolidge in the White House and the economy blazing hot, Lippmann persuaded Coolidge to appoint their friend Dwight Morrow Ambassador to Mexico, knowing full well that Morrow would take him on as an adviser. Morrow immediately did just that. Another war with Mexico appeared to be not far off—this time over oil, which Mexico was in the process of nationalizing. Lippmann wrote letters from the Mexican President to the Vatican and from the Vatican to the Mexican President, from the United States President to the Mexican President and the other way around. He played amanuensis to Coolidge, to the Vatican, to the oil barons—to everyone involved. War averted, the impasse broken, Lippmann suggested to Coolidge and Morrow that Charles A. Lindbergh, who had just prop-hopped the Atlantic non-stop, be asked to fly a good-will mission to Mexico to sweeten the pending deal. No sooner said than done. Lindbergh flew down, and became infatuated with the Ambassador's daughter Anne, and took her as his bride. The matchmaker, the keep-them-at-arm's-length pundit did not stop there. He was available to Herbert Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, and Dwight D. Eisenhower, all of whom, save Truman, often availed themselves of his wisdom. When John F. Kennedy, whom the sage had declined to support for many months, because he deeply distrusted Ambassador Joe Kennedy, completed the final draft of his Inaugural speech, he dropped by at Lippmann's house, on Woodley Road—once the lovely deanery of the Washington Cathedral—to get Lippmann's advice and consent. Lippmann advised but did not consent. He thought it tactless to call the Soviet Union our "enemy;" would not "ad-



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versary" be better? Kennedy repaired to Georgetown, crossed out every use of the word "enemy," and inserted the sage's preference. Lippmann seized the opportunity of Kennedy's visit to try to talk him out of appointing Dean Rusk Secretary of State; McGeorge Bundy would be an admirable choice, he said. Kennedy thanked him and went ahead with Rusk anyway. Lippmann embargoed the supporting documents in this affair until after his death; now it can be told. Lyndon Johnson liked Lippmann, and Lippmann liked Johnson. When a national rail strike threatened, Lippmann, who had been a fancy labor mediator and arbitrator since 1917, proffered his good offices; Johnson lost no time in accepting. It didn't work. When General de Gaulle was restored to authority in 1958, Lippmann once more became a power broker; he directed more diplomatic traffic between Paris and Washington than all the diplomats in both countries—a limited success but valuable.

There was yet another Lippmann: the political and journalistic influence in American life was a leading influence in European intellectual life. When "A Preface to Politics" appeared, in 1913, Freud and the Freudians claimed him as their first disciple in the field of politics and social thought. He was an early supporter of the Fabian Society, joining the august company of George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and Graham Wallas, his teacher at Harvard. As an editor of *The New Republic* and a talent scout for Harcourt Brace & Company, he recruited many members of the Bloomsbury school for the magazine and the book house—Rebecca West, John Maynard Keynes, and Lytton Strachey among them. His youthful ambition, before Lincoln Steffens put him to work as an assistant muckraker, was to be a great art historian. Still in knickerbockers and Buster Brown collar, a bemused young stroller through the corridors of the Louvre, he became a protégé of the quintessential American collector, Mrs. Jack Gardner. Through her, he became an intimate of Bernard Berenson, who was to be his closest confidant. Lippmann and his wife, Helen, provided physical and moral sustenance for Berenson during the war years—CARE packages and vivid letters.

Lippmann was—astonishingly, sadly—a man who despised his own past. To be sure, he had a superb remembrance of things historically past, but his memory of events in his own life was usually wrong. This was not a product of senility. Though his span of attention narrowed noticeably in his later years, he was never senile. To the end, he loved the living world.

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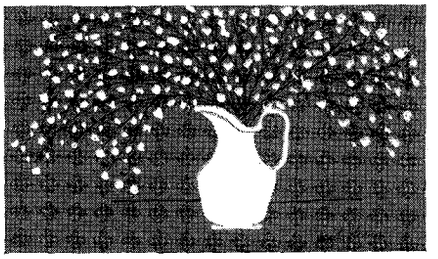
Wednesday, December 11, 1974

WEATHER clear, warm for the season, track fast. Nothing on our calendar except enjoy the city. At 12:01 A.M. on Channel 9, a crow was pushing a soccer ball around on a table with its beak. The sun rose at 7:09. The featured guests on the second hour of the "Today" show were Bob Hope, Mo Dean, and a cow that gives twenty-three thousand quarts of milk a year.

It was the third day of Mayor Beame's first annual Holiday Program Week. It was also the first day of Puccini Week. At nine-thirty, one thousand high-school students from Brooklyn, chosen on the basis of need, deportment, and grades—in that order—settled down in Loews Astor Plaza for a special screening of "The Odessa File." The kids showed their special invitations to a cop at the door, and just about every third kid told the cop, "You're under arrest." John Motley, acting director of music for the Board of Education, unsuccessfully tried to fill the half hour before show time with a mass Christmas-carol sing. "You guys put your cigarettes out," he said. "Let's sing 'Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer.'" "Awwwwwww," said the kids.

In a cab to City Hall, we read the *Times* while the driver told us about a previous fare, a man going back to Chinatown to get his teeth. The man had gone down to Chinatown for a meal the night before, and hadn't had any money, only travellers' checks, and the manager wouldn't take the travellers' checks and locked him in the men's room until he left his false teeth behind for security. A front-page story in the *Times* was "3,000 MORE CITY WORKERS EXPECTED TO BE LAID OFF, INCLUDING 400 IN UNIFORM—ACTION DUE TODAY."

At City Hall, the City Planning Commission was holding public hearings on the city's proposed capital construction budget for 1975-76. A man was respectfully requesting the commissioners to build a police station in his neighborhood in Brooklyn. But a member of the commission staff told us there's only five million dollars in the whole '75-'76 capital budget for major new construction—the '74-'75 allotment was a hundred and fifty million—and it costs more than five mil to build a single high school.



At the Municipal Building, across the street, the Public Works Department was taking a picture of Commissioner Herbert J. Simins screwing a light bulb into the traditional fourteen-foot, one-thousand-pound Municipal Building wreath. Three workmen had just unscrewed the bulb, so the Commissioner could have his picture taken.

"How's business?" we asked the Commissioner.

"Has the Mayor had his press conference about the layoffs yet?" he asked us.

The art historian Claude Marks addressed a capacity crowd in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum of Art—that's a thousand people at three bucks a head—on "Two Late Gothic Patrons." We took a sidetrack first to the Italian Renaissance drawings from the Louvre, where two cute girls in denim contemplated in silence Michelangelo's "Head of a Satyr." "Looks like my boss," one of them said at last. Mr. Marks talked about a troubadour in Flanders who was hanged, drawn, and quartered for sending a love poem to a countess. "Twelfth-century Flanders was no place for aspiring troubadours," he conceded.

In the exhibition hall of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, there was a performance of "Aesop's Fables Revisited" by the Landmark Theatre Production Company, which on this occasion was three chunky girls in tight pants. Thirty six- and seven-year-olds attended. "How many of you know what the word 'conceited' means?" one of the Landmark Theatre girls asked them.

Waterside Plaza, the handsome new housing development on the East River at Twenty-fifth Street, is built on landfill made of bombed-out bits of the city of Bristol, in England, that were brought over by Second World War convoys as ballast. The rubble was rededicated at around eleven-forty-five by a native Bristolian, Cary Grant, and then there was a reception, at which—

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"A jeroboam and two magnums."

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guess what?—Harveys Bristol Cream was served.

"Typical Bristol weather," Cary Grant told us.

"Really?" we said.

"Well, when we can get it," said Grant.

There was an Englishman at the reception who actually wore a monocle and said "By Jove!" and we talked with a delightful Bristolian named Mrs. Dickens, who said, "Whenever Americans ask me who I am, I say I am Lady Birdjohnson."

At noon, the CBS News correspondent Dan Rather gave a special lecture at Hunter College, attended by about a thousand. Rather's topic was "Television and News," and he said he found the glamorization of the business disturbing. "Everybody likes an ego trip from time to time," he said, "but I'm uncomfortable with it." His best story was about his unsuccessful tryout for defensive end at Sam Houston State Teachers College. After he'd been trampled by a number of powerful end sweeps, the coach led him off the field. "He said, 'Well, Rather, you've learned two things. You're little, and you're yellow.'"

AT a quarter to one, we met City Councilman Robert F. Wagner, Jr., and his friend John Moran on the steps of City Hall. Moran is known as King of the Snipes, for his success in covering city lampposts with political posters shortly before elections. Bronx Borough President Bob Abrams bounced up the steps in a double-breasted brown fur overcoat and matching Russian-style hat. He was on his way to talk to the Mayor about the layoffs.

"The *Times* said three thousand, and the early *Post* says four thousand," Abrams said. "It keeps going up."

"Beautiful outfit," said Wagner.

"It's my favorite," said Abrams.

"Yeah," said Moran. "Too bad it warmed up."

We took Moran and Wagner off to the World Trade Center for lunch at the Red Ball Canteen. Bill Lipsky, a friend of ours who works in the north tower of the World Trade Center, was our guide. You take one of the big express elevators in the lobby to the seventy-eighth floor, non-stop. That puts you in the Sky Lobby—all marble and chandeliers. You walk through the Sky Lobby into an unfinished room about a third of an acre in size, with concrete floors, bulbs strung along a hanging wire, a few tables with metal folding chairs on top of them. In the middle of the room is a shack—the Red Ball Canteen. Special of the day:

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steak-and-pepper hero, two dollars. You take a chair off a table, sit on it and eat your hero, and look down at everything: the Brooklyn Bridge, City Hall, the Statue of Liberty, the bay, Staten Island—everything.

We awoke from the view to realize that we had missed the Deli Dolls Workshop, at the Hicksville, Long Island, Public Library, where we were scheduled to learn how to make decorative centerpieces from cheeses and cold cuts. So we ducked into the Robert Frost Dramatic Presentation, at Trinity Church, which was seven backpacker types standing in the chancel performing short poems of Robert Frost in the manner of the dance-party section of "Laugh-In." So. In front of Bloomingdale's, an extraordinarily pretty girl in an overseas cap trimmed in Salvation Army colors, a black zip-up jacket, and Levi's was playing "The First Nowell" on a harmonica. At the Museum of Natural History, the puppeteer Penny Jones told us that shadow-puppet plays are said to have got started in 200 B.C., when the chief magician of a Chinese emperor who was disconsolate over the death of his favorite concubine cast her shadow on a wall to distract him. This was in Gallery 77. We were on our way to the film "Miss Goodall and the Wild Dogs of Africa," but the habits of wild dogs are abysmal, so we went across the street to the New-York Historical Society, where we were the only person at "Manhattan Now," a show by fourteen city photographers. Sidney Kerner had a nice shot of stone gargoyles, and Peter Fink had photographed the rarely photographed Queensboro Bridge.

Up to 125th Street for a Shabazz bean pie, the best-selling sweet treat at the Muslim Bakery No. 2, on the corner of Eighth Avenue. On Wednesday, 125th Street was a little calmer than usual, but it still wasn't normal by certain established standards. Bobby's Record Shop, next door, is the oldest record store on the street. It's an old-style black record store—they carry lots of 45s but very few L.P.s. Bobby's customers feel free to dance outside the store to the music being broadcast from inside. They don't dance inside, because when more than six people stand inside, it begins to feel awfully crowded. Inside, three blues musicians—Larry Johnson, Charles Walker, and Professor Six Million—were smoking cigarettes and chatting with Poochie, the salesman. Poochie said to Professor Six Million, "Hey, what happened to Blue Bird? He's a good soul?"

Professor Six Million said, "He's all right. Only thing is, when he gets drunk, only one tune he wants to play, and that's 'Black Cat Bone.' "

The best-selling single at Bobby's is "Kung Fu Fighting," by Carl Douglas. The lyrics express admiration for "funky Chinamen in funky Chinatown."

The marquee of the Apollo Theatre read, "THE STING—REDFORD NEWMAN/C. BASIE L. HAMPTON ALL SEATS $1.00."

The McDonald's between Seventh and Eighth, which was the first McDonald's to open in Manhattan and is now holding down the No. 3 spot in the nationwide most-McDonald's-hamburgers-sold race, had four times as many people as the Burger King between Lenox and Seventh.

At U.C.L.A.—the University at the Corner of Lenox Avenue—we found Dr. John Moore, who specializes in the sciences of Hobo-ology and Herb-ology, and the astrologer Kanya Kekumbha. Kanya Kekumbha said, "Black people have knowledge of things that they don't even know they have knowledge of. The races have different astrological characteristics, the way people do. The black man in America is a Pisces. Pisces rules the feet, and that's why black people dance a lot, and they always have trouble with their feet. There are more podiatrists in Harlem than anywhere else in New York City. Everything follows a natural progression. The dollar says, 'In God We Trust.' *Life* magazine said God was dead. Two years later, *Life* magazine died."

Dr. Moore said, "A hobo is a person who is a nomad in a primitive society and lives off plant life. It is one of the highest forms of living and goes back to three hundred thousand years ago, when our ancestors were pygmies. Herbology is a science that, if practiced correctly, the body will never have to undergo any kind of operation."

Back downtown for something completely different—the New York Horticultural Society's Holiday Decoration Lecture, in the tenth-floor panelled meeting room of the New York Athletic Club, on Central Park South.

"If Ford wants to congratulate you, he'll call you."

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Eighty clubwomen of middle age and extreme gentility filled all the chairs and sat *very* still. Margaret Cochrane Cole, who has curly hair and eyeglass frames of an identical strawberry hue, demonstrated how to make wall hangings, wreaths, and table decorations with poinsettia, ivy, holly, juniper, pine branches, and the like. Mrs. Cole expressed satisfaction with the rising popularity of genuine Christmas plants in the neighborhood of Lexington and Fifty-ninth, where, she said, only plastic pine and "painted pampas grass" were available until comparatively recently. "We used to be the fuddy-duddy Horticultural Society," she said. "Now *everybody* wants fresh greens."

THE sun set at 4:27 P.M.

At the Criminal Court Building, where we stopped in to pick up a friend of ours, Assistant District Attorney Jeff Lewis, we were introduced to Judge John T. Brickley, who has twenty-nine rubber stamps on his desk. The stamps say things like "CONDITIONAL DISCHARGE," "DISMISSED," "NEW YORK," "GUILTY," "MEDICAL ATTENTION REQUIRED," and "NOT GUILTY."

We took Lewis off to Rockefeller Center, where the Boy's Choir of Tarrytown was competing with a Rockefeller Center giant vacuum cleaner. The Boy's Choir lost. "How's business?" we asked a nearby Santa. "Slow," he said. "Very slow." Upstairs, in the R.C.A. Building, the Puerto Rico Chamber of Commerce in the United States was conferring its Woman of the Year Award on Marifé Hernández, a talk-show hostess on Channel 11. Marifé had her picture taken with Mayor Beame by a spry little photographer with a great crouching stance. He said, "Just one more," and Marifé told him to hurry, and he said, "They don't call me Rápido Gonzalez for nothing." Rápido took a liking to Lewis and introduced him to Eduardo Perez-Vizcarrondo, a sales executive of Eastern Air Lines in a wing collar, and then took his picture with Aida Pujol-Marticorena, the opera singer. We talked with Ivan Irizarry, the city finance administrator, who said that the Mayor, at his press conference, had announced the dismissal of three thousand seven hundred and twenty-five city employees.

At the Ninety-second Street Y.M.H.A., where Rabbi Alan W. Miller, of England, was addressing himself to the topic "The Humanist Response to the Holocaust," we copied down the Y varsity-volleyball home-game schedule, which was posted in the entrance hall:

Nov. 20	New York Latvians
Dec. 4	Central Queens Y.M.C.A.
Dec. 18	New York Turners
Jan. 15	Dominican Republic
Jan. 29	New York Estos
Feb. 26	Eastern Queens

Rabbi Miller said that holocausts are the price we have to pay for free will.

At six-thirty, there was a folk-dance class at the Workmen's Circle, 45 East Thirty-third. Twenty-two old folks danced carefully about in a white-walled room. Outside the room, a young security man was watching Channel 47 on a portable TV. "That is completely different from what I do," he said, pointing to the dance class.

"What do you do?"

"I'm a third-degree black belt in karate."

A quick snack at the Grand Central Oyster Bar, where we consumed the popular new combo: one each of six kinds of fresh oysters on the half shell and three kinds of fresh clams on the half shell—a Little Point, a Blue Point, a Chincoteague, a Box, a Cape Cod, and a Canadian Malpeque; a Little Neck, a Cherrystone, and a Quahog.

Then on to the Academy of Sciences, on East Sixty-third, where David Jenney, of the Sikorsky Aircraft Division of United Aircraft Corporation, gave an audience of twenty-five an update on the status of vertical-and-short-takeoff-and-landing craft. What with one thing and another, the status wasn't what the industry had hoped for, he said. "VSTOL has always seemed like it was about to burst on the scene and take over aviation, but it hasn't." The noise factor, it appears, inhibits the use of many types of VSTOL in civilian aviation. On the other hand, he said more cheerfully, things are looking up for helicopters, "which are badly needed to find more oil."

Our day ended on East Sixty-second, just off First, at a concert at the WBAI Free Music Store, where sixty or seventy friends of modern music overflowed three rows of pews onto the floor. On the floor, a battery of instruments had been set up by the Center of the Creative and Performing Arts, a Buffalo group that has been playing New York for the last few winters. The piece we enjoyed most was a Tom Constanten percussion solo, "A Giraffe of Whine (and Thou)," performed by Donald Knaack on several varieties of drum, two tape recorders, xylophone, cymbal, gong, maracas, and a few instruments and devices we couldn't quite place. It was an exciting and curiously melodic piece and a nice nightcap.

"And when did you first notice that your tummy was not behaving?"

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AT THE DINNER TABLE

"I THOUGHT we were going to be eight," David said to his wife, Jessie, seeing that she was setting the table for nine.

"Your father," she said.

"Do you really want him to sit with us tonight?"

"Yes, why not? He enjoys a little company."

"I know he enjoys it, but it's embarrassing. He's much better off in his room."

"No, he isn't," she said, and went on setting the table.

"I just hope he doesn't get one of those sneezing attacks. He doesn't know enough to leave the room. And then sometimes he just looks down, his chin against his chest, in a kind of stupor."

"Oh, not a stupor. Don't make things seem worse than they are. You should talk to him more."

"I think he should stay in bed. He dishes out his food to whoever's sitting next to him."

"A lot of people do that."

"And he keeps saying the same things all the time."

"So do you," she said, and laughed. "Try to be a little cheerful."

David's father, past eighty, was suffering from a variety of complaints, all probably owing to hardening of the arteries. His memory about recent events and names was almost gone. A little thing could move him to tears or, for that matter, though more rarely, to laughter. He walked unsteadily, with an odd gait, as if his center of gravity were ahead of him and he had to catch up with it in order to maintain his balance. He looked as frail as a leaf in the late fall. At times, he had fits of tremor. Certain problems seemed to elude his grasp; others, especially if they related to philosophy—his field—he was nearly as conversant with as he had been, and his critical abilities seemed almost unimpaired. And he could still read a lot, and make notes, though with a shaky hand.

That night, six paying guests were coming. The house, a large old villa near Siena, was being run partly as a pension. The guests were usually friends, or friends of friends. David's wife, an American, took care of the guests after his mother died.

It was mid-November. There had been guests earlier in the season, and in August the house had been almost full, but for the last few weeks no one had come, and now the household was in a rather high state of expectation. The cook had prepared a good meal. The small children would eat in the kitchen. The guests were American, two parties of them: one, a couple from New York; the other, a mother, daughter, and granddaughter, and an elderly lady friend. These arrived first, in a Jeepster driven by the elderly lady. "It has four-wheel drive," she said, squinting with satisfaction when complimented on it. The mother was in her fifties, the daughter in her thirties, the granddaughter about ten. They had never been to the house before but had heard of it through a relative, and the mother had written to reserve rooms long in advance. The letter said that her daughter had just been through a divorce and she was giving her this trip to Europe. As often is true in such cases, the two elder women seemed in much better spirits than the daughter, who looked wan, as if she were only physically in Europe, her mind still in Wichita, Kansas, where she came from. As for the granddaughter, she was pale and half asleep, and she showed the effects that a long journey over hilly country can produce on a delicate young frame. A daisy wilted by too much handling—that was how she seemed.

"Yes, our firm will be glad to explain the intricacies of the bankruptcy laws, but we first like to have, er, a little something in front."

David and Jessie took them to their rooms, and for a moment David viewed the house through the guests' eyes—a maze of corridors, steps up and down, sharp corners.

"How will we ever find our way to the dining room?" the mother asked.

"A bell will ring, and we will come and fetch you. But it isn't too hard—the house is built around a central courtyard; well, no, two courtyards," David said, and he laughed.

The ten-year-old, like a seasick person setting foot on land, seemed to have revived, and as David left them and looked back from the end of a passageway, he saw her jumping back and forth, her left arm flexed, her right arm

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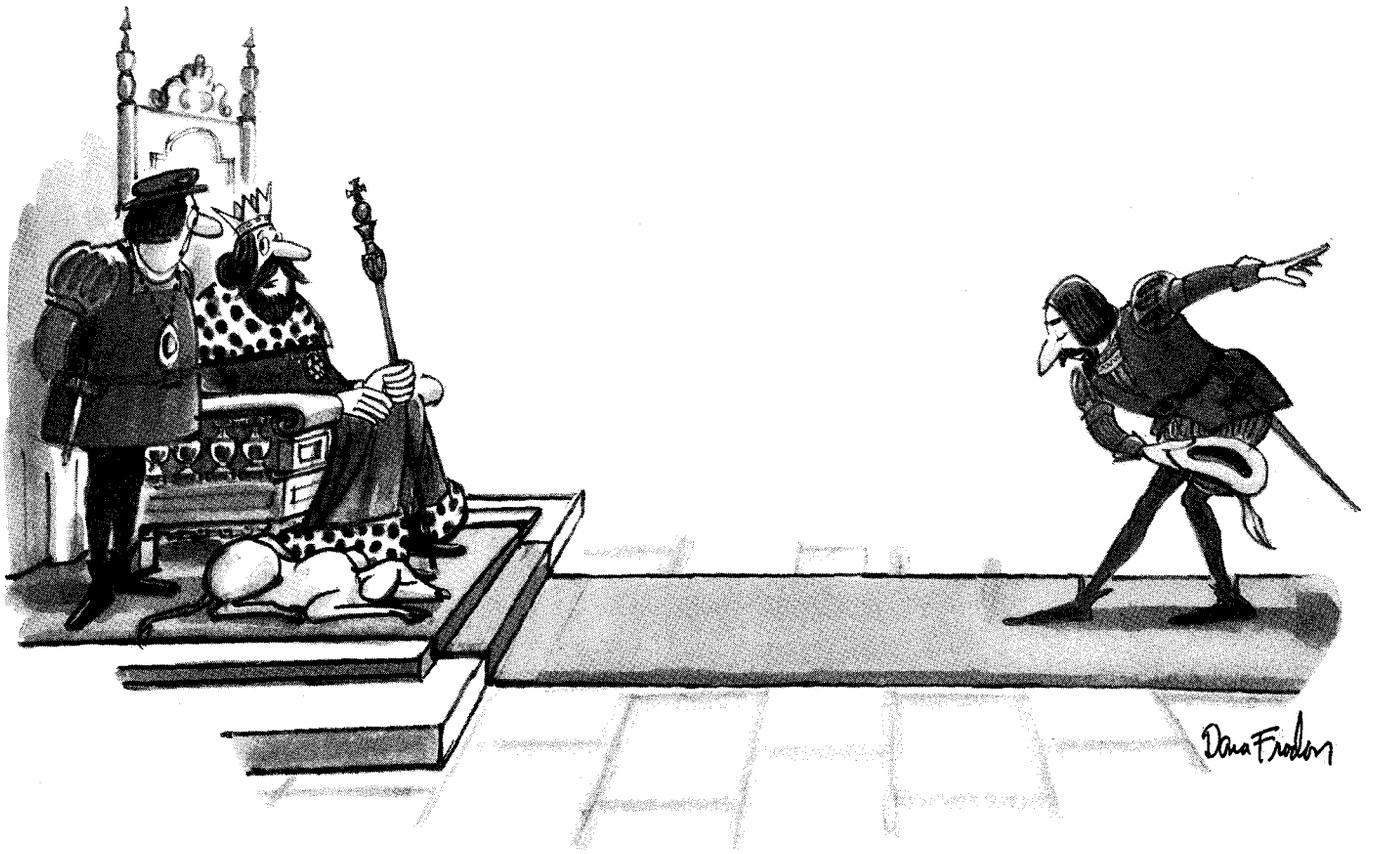

"Quick! Is that the Earl of Sussex, the Duke of Essex, the Earl of Essex, or the Duke of Sussex?"

• •

straight, as if she were fencing with an imaginary knight. Perhaps she thought she had come to a castle.

Then the second car arrived, with the couple from New York—she a wispy blonde, an ethereal, airy creature; he a large, practical-looking man, a surgeon. They had had trouble finding the house, had gone past it a few miles, and apologized profusely for being late.

"Oh, you are not late. Supper isn't quite ready yet," Jessie said.

"How d'you get into town from here?" the man asked. "We didn't go through it."

David tried to explain, then made several trips delivering luggage to the various rooms. He could see the surgeon wondering whether he should tip him. He retreated in haste.

THE dinner bell rang, and in a little while everyone gathered around the table. David's father was last; all the others were seated when he arrived from his room adjoining the dining room. In a white, Indian-looking cotton jacket, something like a pajama top, and baggy gray flannels, he advanced warily. No one but David noticed him at first. Meekly, as if he didn't own the house but was an uninvited guest, he touched the back of his chair, and then Jessie saw him and introduced him. He begged for no one to get up, and sat down.

Now, David thought, he's going to try to get everybody's name straight, and, indeed, he began by asking the elderly lady on his right for her name, though she had just been introduced to him. Unable to remember it for even a few seconds, he drew a pad and pencil from his pocket and laboriously wrote the name down, and then those of her friend, her friend's daughter and granddaughter, and of the surgeon's wife. But unlike David—who thought, What a nuisance—they didn't seem to mind; they seemed amused. "And my husband's name is Alfred, if you want to write it down," the surgeon's wife said.

David's father declined with a slight, slow, oblique tilt of his head.

"The Signor is not interested in men's names," the surgeon said.

"Oh, you are not!" one of the women said.

David's father smiled, and everybody laughed.

Now he's going to ask them where they are from, David thought.

"And you are from . . ." his father said.

"Wichita."

His father tried to pronounce the name several times, seemed to enjoy being corrected, said, "What a beautiful name—Indian, I suppose," and faithfully wrote it down, and David, though he was too far away to see it, knew exactly the fine pencil lines in the address book—minute, tremulous now, yet fairly clear, carefully made out. And when the surgeon's wife told him she was from New York, David knew what his father would say: "New York! Ah, the skyscrapers there seen from far away look blue as do mountains in the distance. In Chicago, they are scattered more at random, more chaotically than in New York." He had been to America on a lecture tour in 1951 and had come back with very strong impressions.

If only he weren't so predictable for me, David thought. "But then," he said to himself, "for them he isn't."

"All that tremendous weight of steel and concrete is made light if the building is beautiful," his father went on. "All its materiality is lost."

"Into spiritual lightness," the surgeon's wife, who was listening attentively, said.

"Yes," his father said, delighted with her response, and he looked at her intently, as if she were the chosen

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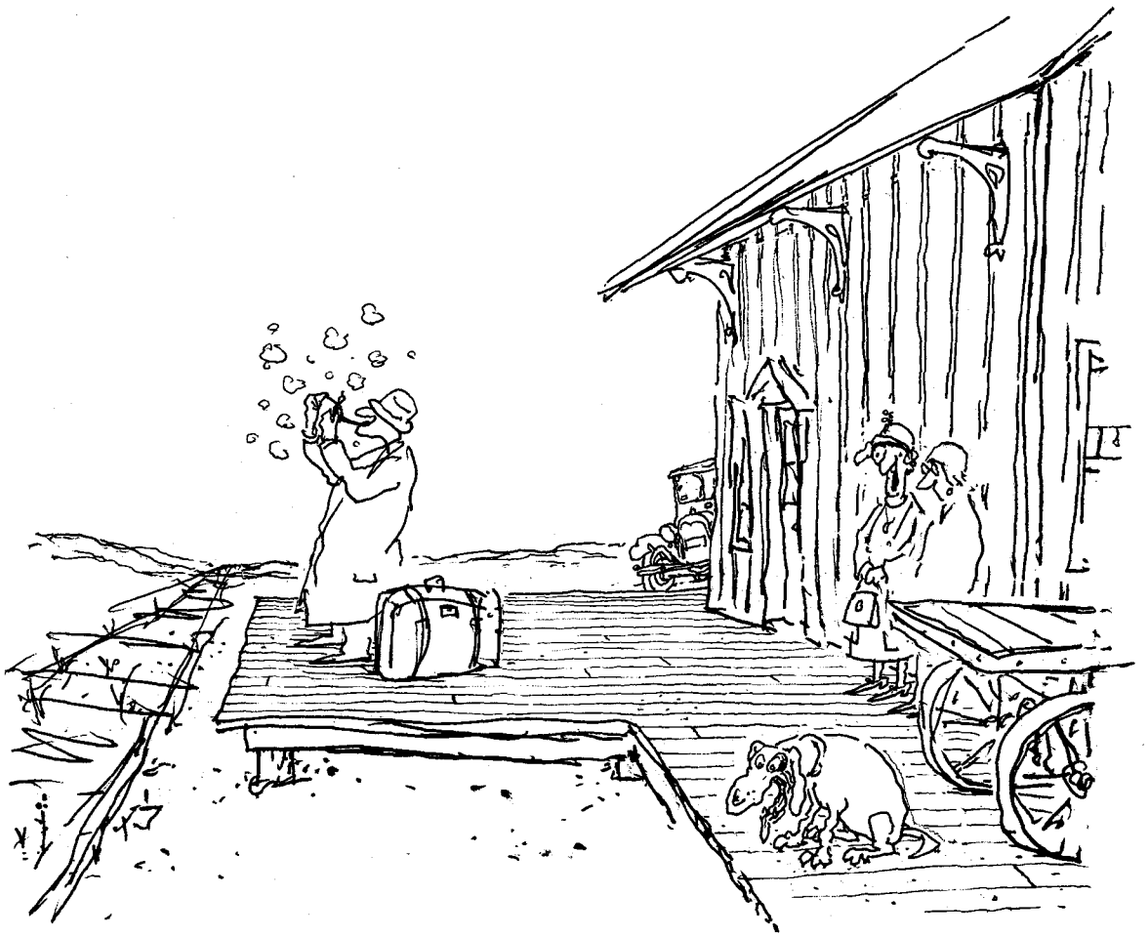

"Three years in a row, Hoot's lespedeza went moldy. His chickens got sick and quit laying. He tried mixing his own anti-freeze and busted both tractor blocks. Then Coolidge, his favorite mule, slipped in the barn lot and died. It just seemed like one bad omen after another. So finally Hoot says, 'It's either shoot the cattle or run for Congress.' Well, Hoot ain't one to shoot animals, but you can bet your bottom dollar he'll tell those other congressmen what's what up there in Washington."

• •

one. From that moment on, his eyes went back to her again and again in admiration, and David knew that his father wished she were sitting next to him; that he wished it keenly, almost painfully, and with all his heart, and that he loved her surely. "Yes," his father resumed, almost to himself, "of all the arts, architecture shows best this birth of spiritual lightness from material weight."

Ha, he hadn't given his father enough credit—this was something David had never heard him say.

The elderly lady was born in Los Angeles. Now he's going to say something about that, David thought. "Los Angeles is wonderful," his father said. "It goes over hills and valleys and mountains, from the desert to the sea. Infinite."

The conversation turned to Siena. "I asked your son how to get into town tomorrow morning. We got lost on our way here," the surgeon said, whereupon David's father said, "Oh," and left the table to go to his room. David knew exactly for what—a sheet of paper on which to draw a sketch of the way into town.

"I've already explained it to him," David said when his father returned and, putting the paper on the table beside the surgeon, leaned over and started drawing. But his father went right on with the sketch.

The surgeon said, "Oh, now I've got it. Yes, it's perfectly clear to me now—the mistake I made, I mean. We took a right there, at the level crossing, when we should have come straight on."

"Yes," his father said, pleased, and he returned to his chair with a faint smile.

"And we went beyond your drive," the surgeon said. "When I realized that we were lost, I stopped and asked directions of a motorcyclist standing by a store, and he turned around and led us to it. A couple of miles. The people are pretty nice around here."

"Yes, they are kind, especially here in the countryside."

Now about the oxen, David thought.

"When the farmers plow here," his father continued, "they speak or at most shout to their oxen; down near Rome, instead, they use a stick."

"Is that so?" the elderly lady said with great interest.

"Yes," David's father went on. "The Romans still show some of their old traits. They like knives, for instance. That, they say, explains the number of great surgeons they have had."

"Did you hear that, Al?" the surgeon's wife said.

Again they laughed.

"Do you manage to get into town once in a while?" one of the women asked him.

The question didn't seem to register with David's father, and Jessie answered for him. "He likes to go to the movies."

Now he's going to talk about American movies, tell us how much better they are than European. But his father merely said, "Lately I have been rather disappointed in the cinema."

He always ate more or less the same things: a plate of pasta and then croquettes. Because he preferred them, he thought they must be preferable to anything else that was served, no matter how elaborate, and so, as David had expected, he offered some of his food to the two women sitting beside him—didn't so much offer it as try to push it onto their plates. But the elderly lady didn't seem to mind at all. She accepted it and said the croquette was like a hamburger.

"Ha, hamburgers," David's father said, and related, as he often had be-

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fore, how in America he had subsisted on them quite happily.

Now he lit a cigarette. He's going to sneeze, David thought, and at the moment of his thinking this his father closed his eyes and the sneezes came one after the other.

The woman on his left said with some glee, "You are allergic, like I am. The only thing to do is to take big breaths of fresh air. Come with me." She took him in charge as if he were a small boy and led him toward the window. He went with her gladly; she was a pretty, soft, rather buxom woman, with a pleasant smile. He seemed to take advantage of the little walk by clinging close to her, his arm in hers. She had him breathe deeply the fresh air from the partially opened window, and it worked. He returned with her, amid applause. "But, say, you are miraculous, a real healer," he told her.

"No, but I was a nurse once."

"And now I must retire," he said. "I go to bed early. I am old. If I miss the first sleep, it never comes again. Good night." Unsteady as he was, he knelt beside the lady on his left and kissed her hands; then he kissed the elderly lady on the cheek, then the other woman and Jessie lightly on the hair, and the ten-year-old, whom he also patted on the shoulder and said "dear" to; he touched his son, who returned the little gesture, and shook the surgeon's hand; and finally, more hesitantly, shyly, yet with a certain gleam in his eyes, he went to the surgeon's wife and kissed her, too. "Good night," he said to everyone. "*Buona notte*," he repeated, waving his hand as he retreated toward the door.

"Your father's sweet," one of the ladies said.

"Oh, he is," said another.

"He's darling," the surgeon's wife said.

"You have a wonderful father," said the surgeon.

David's face brightened. He nodded. He certainly didn't want to be modest at his father's expense. He felt ashamed of having been ashamed of him. Why, he should be proud! He looked at the surface of his glass of wine as at a mirror and saw his image there. He thought of his fears that, like clouds, had now all dissipated. "You fool," he said to himself, and laughed.

"YOU see, your father didn't spoil the evening," Jessie said to him later, when they were alone.

"He saved it," David said.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

BOBBY BISON'S BIG MEMORY OFFER

REMEMBER Nostalgia? Remember when you remembered the 1950s? Remember when you remembered the '60s? Well, it's all back. The good times when you remembered the good times. The laughter when you remembered the laughter. The *heartache* when you remembered the heartache. A treasury of everything you remember remembering. Remember remembering your first kiss? Remember remembering your first prom? Remember remembering your first name? Well, it's all here. Including your Mom, your Dad, and your dog Tige (if that was his name), just as you remember remembering them.

Who could forget remembering Suez? Who could forget remembering "circle" skirts? And where were *you* in 1972, when the world thrilled to the memory of price supports for butter? Yes, those were the '70s—*innocent* days when you copped a few "ludes" and remembered the Drifters, Larry Ferlinghetti, India's surprise attack on plucky little Goa. *Simpler* days, when all you had to do for a good time was sit back and remember malt shops, double dips, ponytails. Think back: Were you one of the lucky ones who remembered cruising the hamburger stand? Can you remember remembering the Jive Bombers, Herbert Brownell, juvenile delinquency? If you're normal, or close to normal, you cherish the memory of remembering these memories and regard fondly the precious gift of cerebral "recollection" that made it all possible.

Yes, you remembered it all in the '70s, the Golden Age of Nostalgia. And now, for the first time—the only time, the last time before it's all exported—Bobby Bison, the King of Nostalgia, is making available selections from *your own personal memory!* These are memories that are bound to be the most treasured memories you remember remembering—and many of them have never before been offered in this particular way! All the memories involved are the original memories of the actual memorable events themselves. *Not* a congeries of inferior, so-called "subconscious" memories, this is a definitive collection involving the actual process of conscious recall! Memories like this:

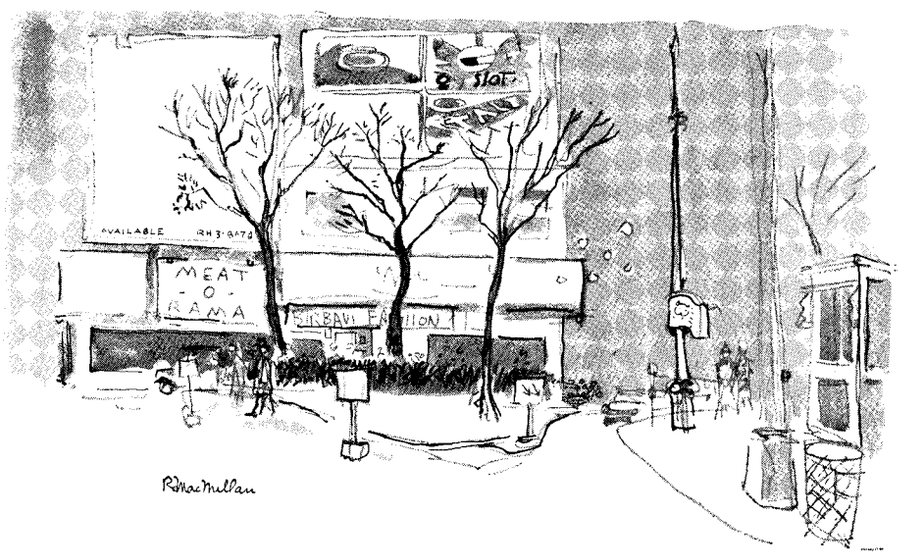
I remember when my sister Margie got a new light-blue angora sweater—you know, the kind of sweater that was real fuzzy and you could wear it tight if you were built right, which Margie wasn't. Anyway, what I really remember is how Margie started to light a Cavalier cigarette and turned our whole house into a flaming inferno by dropping her match onto the angora sweater instead of in the ash receiver. I remember that because after the fire we both had to go to live with my aunt, who is someone I will always despise.

Do you remember remembering that? Of course you do.

Now, don't *you* want to recapture the way you remembered all your memories? Well, before Bobby Bison ships them off to oil-rich Iran, why not try to relive it all one more time? Don't delay, because Bobby is loading all your cherished memories on supertankers right now, and once they've gone around the Cape it'll be tough cheese on you. Of course your memories *want* to stay right here where you first remembered them, but you can hardly expect them to hang around if you forget to send in for them!

And now here's your own grandmother to tell you how to order.

—GEORGE W. S. TROW



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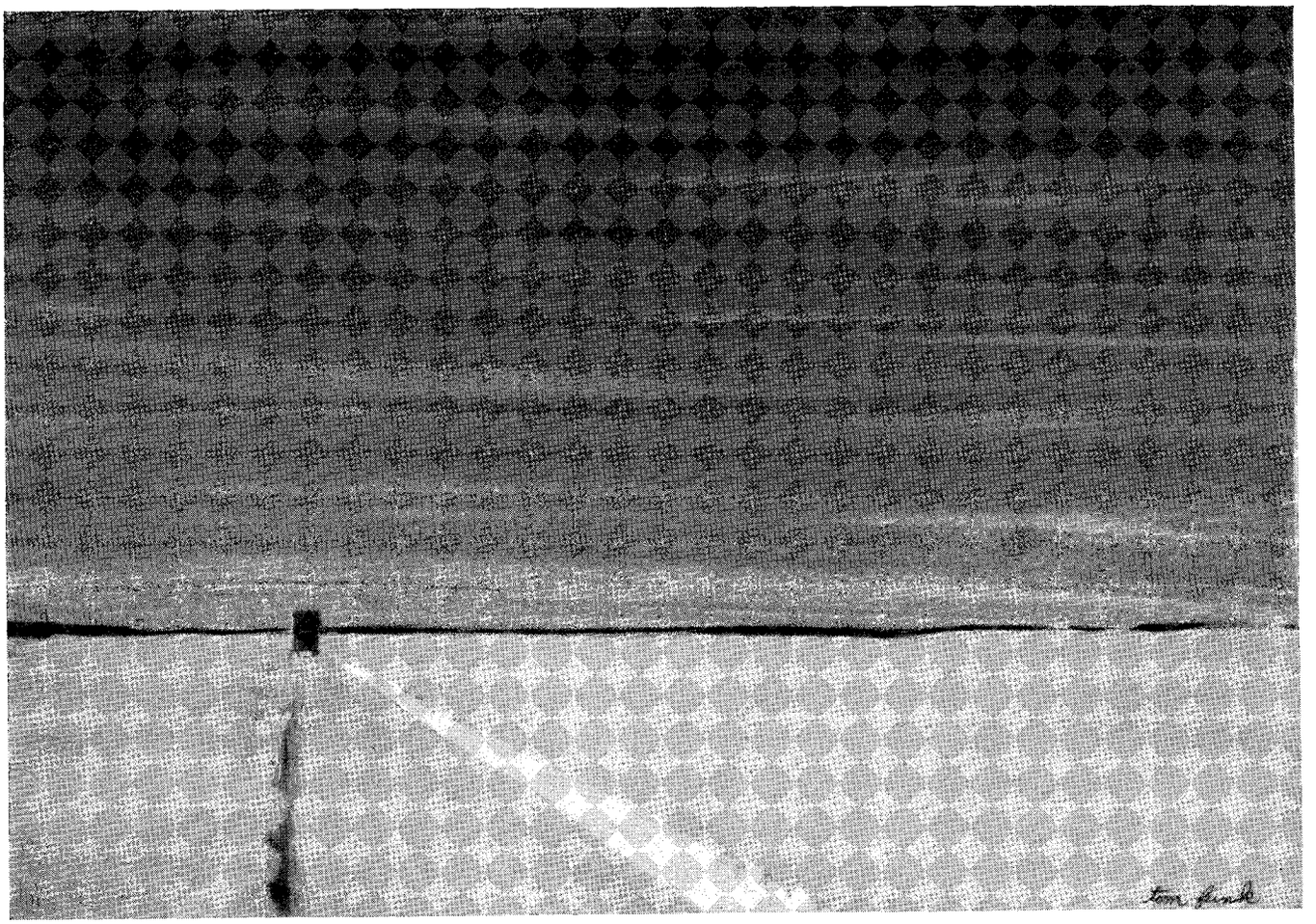
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE ICE ROAD



A ROAD hundreds of miles long is made out of snow and ice every winter in a beautiful part of Canada so strange, so far north that hardly anybody lives there. The road makes travel possible for three months of winter across the frozen lakes that lace the Northwest Territories between Great Slave Lake, near the Territories' southern border with Alberta Province, and Great Bear Lake, on the Arctic Circle—two of the world's largest inland seas. The length of the road changes each year, in accordance with difficulties encountered during its construction, but it usually runs for about three hundred and twenty-five miles, some of them a little rugged. For ten years, the creator of this road of snow and ice was a lanky, laconic Canadian in his fifties named John Denison, whose eccentric specialty was building winter roads where nobody else dared to and hauling over them any freight that could be fastened on the back of a lowboy trailer truck. Denison, who was a partner in a trucking firm, has retired, but the road is still built each winter by his former associates, whom he serves as a consultant. By braving savage cold, blinding snow, wild winds, and perilous terrain to build the Ice Road, Denison doubled the time available each year for shipping freight cheaply in and out of a silver mine at a tiny point of human habitation called Port Radium, on Great Bear Lake. Only a handful of communities on the entire thousand-mile shoreline of the lake are inhabited throughout the year, and one of them is Port Radium, whose hundred or so residents dwell in frail wooden houses clinging to the sides of a steep hill on a small inlet, Echo Bay. These people stay at the outpost not because they like the beautiful scenery but in order to dig minerals from the surrounding ground. Uranium gave Port Radium its name, and the famous Eldorado Mine, opened at Echo Bay in the nineteen-thirties, provided the raw material for the first atomic bombs. Eldorado closed in 1960, but four years later another company, Echo Bay Mines, Ltd., began extracting exceptionally high-grade silver ore from the same site, using the old mine buildings and adding a couple of its own.

The birth, life, and death of a Northern mine, no matter how great its mineral wealth, are governed by the cost of reaching it to bring in supplies and heavy equipment and to carry out the tons of ore, which must compete with the products of more accessible mines to the south. During the brief, ice-free summers, which begin in July and end in early September, freight barges call at Port Radium, and all year long costly small shipments come and go by air. Besides adding three winter months for freighting, the Ice Road provides door-to-door delivery of cumbersome objects. An entire prefabricated building incorporating a cookhouse, a dining room, a recreation hall, and several bathrooms came by road on trailer trucks one February, and was delivered directly to its permanent site at the top of the hill. The unit, from Edmonton, in Alberta Province, arrived in four sections, and the four huge vehicles that brought it rumbled for almost a thousand miles over the Mackenzie Highway and its extensions into the Territories.

That haul from Edmonton to Port Radium is routine to a point on the Mackenzie Highway seventy miles short of Yellowknife, the capital of the Northwest Territories, on Great Slave Lake. Here, where the highway swings east toward Yellowknife, is the begin-

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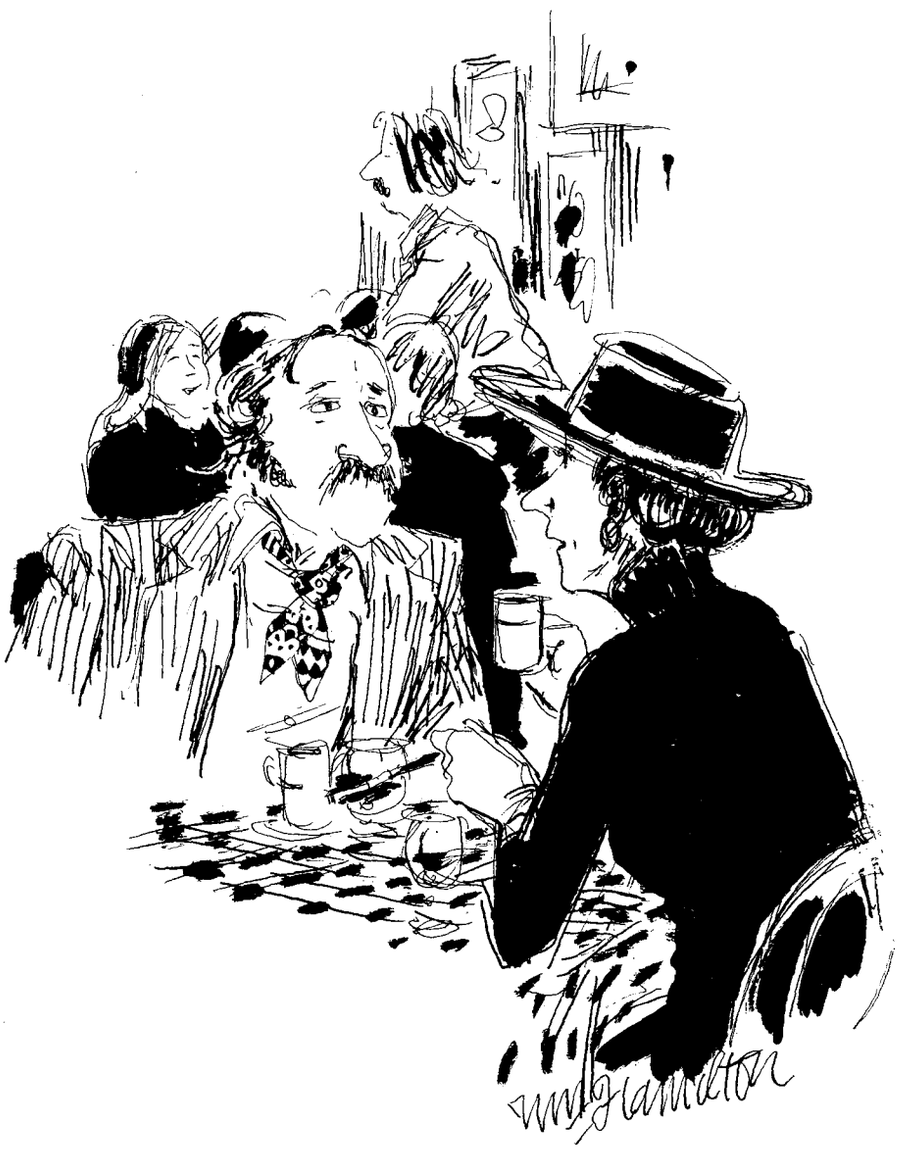
ning of the Ice Road, which runs north to Port Radium. At the turn off the highway onto the Ice Road, John Denison put up a garage several years ago and, just for fun, named it Fort Byers, in honor of Byers Transport Ltd., the freight company of which he was part owner. Fort Byers has not survived Denison's retirement, but it was an important part of his operation. He outfitted it with fuel-storage tanks and a trailer containing bunks, a kitchen, and a radiotelephone that occasionally worked. The garage replaced one in Yellowknife that had burned down, and the new site saved truckers a trip into the capital and out again. Denison's drivers—en route from Edmonton or from the Byers warehouse at Hay River, a community on Great Slave Lake—paused at Fort Byers for repairs, food, sleep, and the latest news on drivers ahead of them. Then they climbed back into their trucks, turned north off the highway, and plunged into the scrub bush and onto the Ice Road, known locally as the Echo Bay Road, the Denison Trail, or sometimes simply Denison's Road.

The men who drive the Ice Road come back year after year to make the dangerous run that Denison carved out for them. Their huge trailer trucks carry in everything from tractors to peanuts—refrigerators, cribbage boards, small pickup trucks, groceries, lumber, gasoline drums—and carry out millions of dollars' worth of silver ore so high-grade that it is shipped uncrushed in a sealed van. The trip is lonely and hazardous, even in convoy. A driver who misjudges a curve in the road or fails to notice a snowbank can overturn; on a lake that a truck ahead of him just crossed safely he may plunge to the bottom. On the Ice Road, especially during a lake crossing, a driver is apt to keep one hand on the steering wheel and the other on the handle of the door beside him, which he may have left ajar. When a driver and his truck run out of ice, it's time to jump, and every second counts.

In winter, very few of Yellowknife's residents venture into the wild open country beyond the city limits—only the prospectors, miners, pilots, game wardens, hunters, and trappers who have business there. Eight thousand people live in Yellowknife, and many of them make a living working in one of two gold mines in town or servicing mines in the bush beyond. They tend to regard the annual opening of the Echo Bay Road—in the dark month of January, in sub-zero temperatures—as "a crazy thing to be doing." No one agrees with this evaluation more heartily than John Denison. Once, sitting in a camper drinking coffee, halfway up his unfinished road, surrounded by broken equipment, several days behind schedule, and with the temperature outside sixty degrees below zero, Denison said, "None of this amuses me particularly, but it suits me. I'm my own boss here. Nobody else wanted to do the job, so I said, 'Why not me?' Ennaway, I like doing it."

Denison first went to Yellowknife in May of 1946, when he was posted there as a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. A year later, he left the force to start freighting with a barge on Great Slave Lake, and he has been in transportation ever since. Now a legal resident of British Columbia, he has spent so much time in Yellowknife that townspeople think of him as an Early Settler. His arrival there coincided with a gold-mining boom that transformed Yellowknife from a bush camp of cabins and tents around a bay in the north end of the lake into a lively metropolis with hotels, Chinese restaurants, and high-rise apartment buildings. The region known as the Northwest Territories is almost unknown Outside, and only thirty-eight thousand people live there, but it is nevertheless more than a third of Canada; it extends west to the borders of the Yukon Territory, east to the Atlantic Ocean, and north almost to the Pole. Yellowknife is the Territories' biggest community and only city, but it is still small enough so that very little goes on in mining that everyone doesn't know about. Denison's harrowing experiences in the bush and in the Barrens, the treeless desert that extends east and north of Yellowknife for hundreds of miles, have been followed with pride and greeted with the laughter that Northerners reserve for those of their people who thumb their noses at the cold and survive. His reputation for going anywhere to make a road has inspired various characterizations. He has been called a gambler, an



"It seems like only yesterday I was O.K., you were O.K."

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incredible optimist, a reckless man in a hurry, a straight, go-ahead truck driver, and a true Northerner—the kind of man who makes the North great in the eyes of other Northerners, who think the North is the greatest place on earth and wouldn't live anywhere else.

I MET John Denison for the first time one winter when I was working as a reporter in Yellowknife. He had been recuperating from an operation for ulcers in a highly original manner, which might not have met with his doctor's approval: by going almost directly from an Edmonton hospital to start his Ice Road. He had just returned to Yellowknife from Port Radium after completing the road and opening it for the season, and even to a stranger he appeared far from well. He was painfully thin for his height, six feet four, and his clothes hung from his big frame as if they had been slung over a wooden clotheshorse. Sunken cheeks and deep circles around a pair of large blue eyes gave his countenance a melancholy cast, but it was transformed when he began to talk—with animation, and a breezy humor that erupted in frequent bursts of laughter.

"How do you build an ice road?" I asked him then.

"Easy," he said. "It's a piece of cake. Ninety per cent of the road is over hard water." I must have looked puzzled, because he added, "There's lots of hard water up here—well, not hard, a little stiff. We stay on the lakes as much as we can, which is most of the time. On land between lake and lake—the portage—we pack the snow to make a road. We've been building the winter road to Port Radium every year since 1964, so it's routine. We start right after Christmas, as soon as there's ten inches of ice, but I won't haul a load over ice until it's eighteen inches thick, and we ought to have thirty-six inches for a hundred-ton load. The lakes are easy. The knack is to find a portage on the other side. Come back next New Year's, when we're building the Echo Bay Road again, and see how it's done."

"Won't it be hard to take a woman along?" I asked.

"No problem," he said.

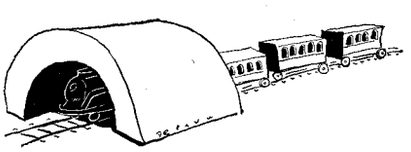
I returned the following New Year's Day, and at six-thirty on the morning of January 2nd we left Yellowknife for Port Radium. I would be travelling with Denison and his construction crew while they made the Ice Road, and would not arrive at Echo Bay Mine until it was finished. The air was cold and clear, the sky a deep navy blue studded with stars. I threw my sleeping bag and a black overnight case into the back of the vehicle Denison was driving—a camper—and climbed into the front seat. Denison introduced me to a man already sitting there—Romeo Dusseault, a new cook for Fort Byers—and we drove off down the empty highway. We were to meet more of the crew at Fort Byers.

The darkness was broken twice on our seventy-mile ride by the bright lights of trailer trucks roaring toward us and on into town. Each time, Denison remarked that the truck was his, but otherwise he seemed preoccupied. He still looked ill, his large eyes seeming even larger with his hair hidden by a green-visored cap. The new cook said he had just come from Edmonton and wouldn't return there until May. I told him I was going to accompany the construction crew to Port Radium as they built the Ice Road. "Well!" he exclaimed, and he turned in his seat to get a better look at me. "Pretty cold up there," he said. I told him that under my parka—a combination of thick white duffel and a nylon windbreaker, made by an Eskimo—I was wearing long underwear, my heaviest ski pants, a shirt, and a heavy sweater. I held up a foot so he could see that I had on caribou-skin mukluks, or Eskimo boots, and I showed him my mitts, of deerskin with wool liners. He nodded approvingly. "I wouldn't want to change places with you anyway," he finally said.

After an hour, we came to a lighted clearing beside the highway and turned in. We had arrived at Fort Byers, where the Ice Road begins. A fort? Three large upright fuel tanks, a fourth one lying flat on the snow, and a big enclosed tin shed, which was the garage—all of them silvery in the electric glare. A tan metal trailer with a windowed wooden vestibule. Several bare poles supporting overhead wires. We pulled in between two trucks, which dwarfed our vehicle and engulfed us in clouds of exhaust from their idling motors. "Leave your things in the camper," Denison said. "You'll be sleeping in it in the garage tonight." He and the new cook went into the trailer, and I hurried after them. I pulled the door to the vestibule shut behind me in a tug-of-war with the wind, and entered a narrow kitchen with a small bathroom at one end and a bunk room at the other. Several men at a table eating dinner looked up in surprise when I came in. I knew three of them from my previous stay in Yellowknife—a truck driver called Bobby Fry; Henry Ford, the taciturn mechanic in charge of the garage; and Denison's nephew Jimmy Watson, a bright-eyed, handsome young man in his early twenties with a short black beard. I thought there was a shade of hesitancy in their welcome. The very few outsiders who had travelled all the way to Port Radium over the Ice Road had been men, and they had done it only after the road was in; there had never been any passengers during the road-building process. Someone offered me a cup of coffee, and I sat down at the table to drink it. Denison walked over to a radiotelephone in the corner, pressed a button on the receiver, and said into the microphone, "SX 15213. SX 15214. Do you read me, Tom?" He paused, flicked the button again, and waited beside the black box. He repeated his chant several times, but there was no response. I asked Jimmy Watson what he was after.

"The men began work on the Ice Road a week ago and are sixty miles up—around the second lake, Tumi," Watson said. "They have radiophones in their trucks, same as this one here, and John's trying to get in touch with them. He's been away lining things up—flying between Edmonton and Yellowknife—until now. The men are supposed to call in at regular hours during the day and evening, but reception's been very bad."

Denison slammed the phone down and went out to the garage with Henry Ford. The others soon followed. Feeling a bit uncertain where to go, I stayed to watch Dusseault prepare dough for bread and set it out to rise overnight. At ten, I put my parka on and went out to the garage. The temperature was thirty below and there was still a sharp wind, so I put my head down and ran the few hundred feet to a small door in one side of the shed. Inside the shed, where the air was saturated with gasoline and oil fumes, I gazed through a forest of trucks, tires, automotive parts, welding machines, and heaters. I recognized the rectangular-box form of a Herman Nelson heater—a machine with a powerful gasoline motor, used for warming up frozen machinery outdoors in the North. The black arms of an overhead crane loomed under the slanting metal roof. Then I saw the cab end of a trailer truck over a repair pit and, across the cab's open radiator hood, the



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"Hello! We're six characters in search of a children's-book author."

green visor of Denison's cap and the graying top of Henry Ford's head.

I walked around the truck and looked up at the two men, who were perched on a fender several feet above me, peering down into the motor—two physicians in consultation over a sick patient. Trucks have a sameness only until you know them. I would now recognize this colossus, this gigantic red truck, anyplace, even without the numerals 36 painted in gold on its door. It was the largest truck I had ever seen. The trucks used in building the Ice Road were customarily referred to by their identifying numbers in the company's books, but someone had named Truck No. 36 the African Queen, and the name suited her. Her size was queenly, and she moved with heavy, majestic dignity. When I rode in the African Queen later, sitting beside the driver on the wooden box that held the batteries, it was not comfortable, but the view from her great height, at least eight feet above the snow and ice, was superb. She was an old-fashioned, unstreamlined shape, thirteen feet high and eight feet wide, and she had six-wheel drive (dual wheels in the rear and singles in front). From the front of her stubby, fire-engine-red radiator—to which Denison had attached a two-ton snowplow of his own design, with wings like an angel—to the back end of her flat trailer, she was thirty-four feet long. She could easily carry on her back a huge tractor or a serpentine road grader, a two-ton pickup truck or a house. Travelling empty, she weighed just thirty-nine thousand pounds, or about twenty tons, but when she was fully loaded she could weigh as much as a hundred thousand pounds, or fifty tons—a sizable matriarch, and overweight for anyplace but a private road or pretty thick ice. She had started life as a Mack truck, and had been rebuilt by the Canadian Army for use on the Alaska Highway. Denison had bought her for six thousand dollars. A new truck anything like her would have cost at least fifty thousand dollars, and, anyway, Denison would not have been satisfied with a new one until he had reconstructed it, as he did most of his trucks, to meet the peculiar needs of his road. The only parts of 36 that were still Mack were the transmission and the differential.

A driver is assigned for the whole winter to one vehicle, and he becomes deeply attached to it. The man and his machine form a close partnership of mutual dependency, which evokes strong emotions: grief when the truck breaks down; jealousy when another driver takes the wheel; pride when the truck performs well and brings them both smoothly through a bad trip. The driver knows his truck inside out. He must be able to repair breakdowns, even welding parts together, in wind, snow, darkness, and sixty-below cold. All radios in the North have an unhappy habit of conking out when they are most needed, but even when they work, help or spare parts arrive after a long wait, on another truck or by chartered plane. The alternative to self-help is to sit down in an ailing truck with the motor running (if it still can run), or to light a propane heater (if there's one along), and hope someone will come past in another truck to attach a towline before the fuel supply runs out.

At the far end of the garage, I

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"I say Happy New Year and to hell with it!"

• •

found the camper, a red pickup truck, which had been driven inside so I could sleep in a warm place. I walked around it. It looked solid enough, and I noticed that the silvery metal house mounted on its back bore the reassuring name Security Traveler. The tiny house, which Denison had rented, had come equipped with curtained windows, which gave it a cozy look, and had an overhang that fitted neatly above the driver's cab. I mounted three steps attached to the rear, opened a glass-and-steel door set between two windows, and entered a charming living-dining room, panelled in beige plywood, with dainty yellow-and-white tieback curtains at the windows and yellow-and-green floral upholstery on the seat cushions. My sleeping bag and overnight case were on a long bench at one side of the door, and across a narrow, carpeted aisle was a square table mounted on a metal pole with a bench on three sides. A sliding door opened into a small kitchen furnished with a wall refrigerator, cupboards, a four-burner yellow enamel stove with an oven underneath, a miniature steel double sink, and a little counter. In the overhang beyond, at the level of my chin when I stood in the kitchen, was a large bunk, piled now with sleeping bags. I hung my parka in a closet beside the refrigerator, sat down, and pulled off my boots, delighted with my comfortable surroundings. Denison and Jimmy Watson came by to check on me. Watson removed the table pole and dropped the tabletop to the level of the bench to form a neat, square bunk for me, with the seat cushions laid flat as a mattress. When they left, they snapped off the garage lights and slammed the outer door shut. I was alone with the big truck shadows, the reaching arms of the black crane, the wind beating against the tin garage walls. I pulled off a sweater and one pair of socks, unrolled my sleeping bag on the new bunk, turned off the camper lights, and went to bed. In the darkness, I inhaled gasoline and oil fumes, and tried to imagine what the Ice Road would be like.

I WOKE in the morning to the rat-a-tat of a welding machine, the clink of tools, and the sound of voices outside in the garage. A little after seven, I stepped out on the garage floor, to find Henry Ford and Watson installing a new starter in 36, Denison repairing the fuel pump on the camper, and someone else putting studs in the giant tire of another truck. I went outside into the black Arctic-morning air, crossed the yard to the metal trailer, and stepped into Dusseault's kitchen, which smelled of baking bread. "Take your time," Dusseault said when I sat down to a breakfast of eggs, bacon, and pancakes. "You won't leave for two hours." Denison came in to try the phone, again without success, and left with an armload of canned goods from stores in the vestibule which he told me were all to be placed in the camper. As soon as I had finished eating, I followed with a second load of cans. Denison and Watson were kneeling on the benches inside the camper sealing window and door frames with heavy plastic. The dainty yellow curtains had vanished, and a strip of rug on the floor had been replaced with brown corrugated cardboard. I made several trips back to the trailer vestibule for food, and Denison filled the drawers and cupboards with cans of butter, jams, fruits, vegetables, soups, stews, and fish; boxes of macaroni, dehydrated milk, and dehydrated potatoes; cheese, bread, sausage, bacon, fresh eggs, coffee, tea, and a dozen rolls of paper towelling, which he stuffed into every empty space—even in the twin basins of the sink. "Can't use the sink ennaway," he said. "Pipes would freeze." When he had packed everything away, he opened the garage doors and drove the camper outside to the fuel tanks, where he transferred a hundred and fifty gallons of gasoline into the camper's regular and extra tanks. Meanwhile, Watson removed the camper steps, stowed them in a special rack underneath the camper, and attached a battered blue Bombardier, a small vehicle with tracks in the rear and skis in front, to a trailer hitch where the steps had been. "You need the Bug—that's what we call the Bombardier—because it goes over any terrain quickly, up to twenty-five miles per hour, and is good for scouting," he said. He turned on the motor of the driverless Bombardier, which we would be pulling behind us, and returned to the garage. Denison was in the driver's seat of the camper, ready to go. I asked why Watson had started the Bombardier's motor, and Denison said, "If we didn't start it now, we wouldn't be able to when it gets *really* cold. We never know when we'll want to use it, so it's easier to leave it run-

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ning, and then it'll be ready to go when it's needed."

One more stop. We drove over to the kitchen, and Denison picked up several packages of fresh meat and two loaves of newly baked bread. He threw the bread into the back of the camper but put the meat boxes into the space between the front bumper and the radiator of the truck. I had heard of meat being roasted on an engine manifold but had never seen a bumper used as a refrigerator. When I said as much, Denison replied, "Fridge, hell. It's the best deep freeze I know of at this time of year."

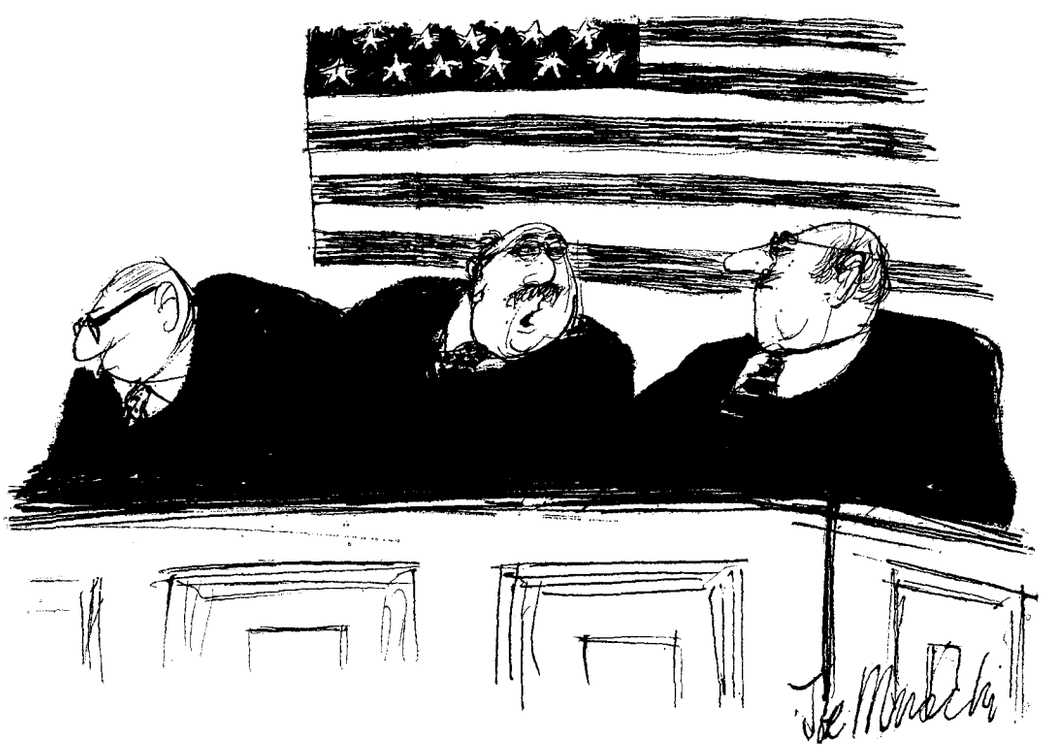
We left at eleven o'clock—an hour after dawn. It was a gray, windless day, and exhaust smoke from idling truck motors hung in the dry, cold air at Fort Byers as if it had been pinned there. We crossed the highway onto a rough road just wide enough for two trucks to pass. Denison told me that the road was an old one that ran for sixty-five miles north through the wilderness to Rayrock, a uranium mine that had been closed for nine years, and that he had brought his tractor in by barge this past summer to fix the road up. As we bounced along, I braced myself to keep from hitting the windshield, the ceiling, and Denison's two-thousand-dollar two-way radio, which was mounted on the dashboard, and I wondered what the road had been like before it was fixed up. After two miles, we arrived at Marian Lake, the first of the chain of lakes serving as a base for the Ice Road. The air was so gray that I didn't see the lake until we dropped from the road onto its flatness. The other end was somewhere twenty-five miles distant, and the shoreline on both sides was marked by willow bushes and low spruce trees. We were driving at forty miles an hour down the middle of the lake on a smooth white road bordered by two-foot-high snowdrifts. Denison inserted a Guy Lombardo dance recording, "Golden Medleys," in the stereo tape player that was mounted under the dashboard, and the music blended with the cozy hum of the tires on the ice. "Want to dance?" Denison said suddenly. We both laughed.

"Do you ever think about falling through the ice?" I asked. I was looking straight ahead, but I couldn't see the end of the lake. The wind suddenly came up with a fury that made the camper shudder.

"Funny you should mention that," Denison said. "I was talking with an old friend, Del Curry, about ice just two days ago. Del has a construction business in Yellowknife, but when he came north, in '43, he freighted with Cat trains on Great Slave Lake. Cat trains are sleighs hooked together and hauled by tractors, and their top speed is four miles an hour. We call all tractors Cats, although in the beginning they were just the ones made by the Caterpillar Tractor Company. Del said he knew he had to get out of the business of hauling winter freight across lake ice when he found he was afraid to send one of his men in a lead Cat and drove it himself instead. One particular trip, he was doing the same thing he had been doing for maybe ten, twelve winters, and he realized he had lost the confidence to make that snap decision to tell his men, 'That ice is safe. Go across.' He says the only fellow who knows ennathing about ice is in his first or second year working on it, because he still has some confidence left. The longer you stay with it, the less you know."

I was shivering. The wind roared through an open space that had been cut in the floor to make room for the winch lever. In this kind of rough, off-road travel, a winch is an essential piece of equipment, and most of the vehicles that were used to build the Ice Road had one. Ours was mounted on the front, but on the big trucks it was behind the cab. Truckers like to say that a winch triples the power of their engines, because it supplies them with leverage to pull themselves up out of a hole without using their wheels. A button on the dashboard put the winch into gear; letting the clutch out wound up the cable. Looking down past the winch lever, I could see the white road beneath. A thin layer of snow had blown in and was building up around the base of the gearshift and around my feet. Denison turned the heater up a little, and said, "Wind is our worst enemy. It's always colder on the lakes—especially a big, open one like this—because of the wind. More snow. More plowing to keep the road from blowing in. That's about a twenty-five-mile-an-hour wind blowing now. Over thirty, we've about had it—and it can get up to a hundred. It'll get warmer in among the trees.

"I'll probably pull out, like Del Curry did," Denison went on. "Maybe in a couple of years. Ennathing can happen on ice, ennathing. No two years are the same, and your ice conditions change hourly. You can have six inches of ice and get across, and have thirty-six inches, which is what we think we need to cross in the loaded trailer trucks, and fall through. As a rule, it's the first man over who cracks the ice and the second guy who goes through. It all depends on how the cracks are formed and where they are. It's smart to go slow when you're not



"Do you ever have one of those days when everything seems un-Constitutional?"

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sure—about six miles an hour—so as not to bend the ice. Because if you make a wave, it has no place to go, and will snap back and break the ice when you're coming near the shore. The heavier the load, the more ice you need, so I don't take contracts after April 1st, and I like to get off the road by April 15th. It's pretty mushy after that. I usually go on, but I'm not happy about it, even though mostly just a wheel or two goes through." He shrugged. "Almost everyone who works with ice has had a pretty narrow escape. Del Curry was telling me that Hughie Arden, one of the most experienced men around here on ice, rode his Cat down because his overshoe got caught in a gear. He had to tear his shoe off under thirty-five foot of water in Yellowknife Bay to save himself."

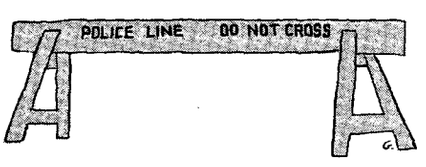
"Did you ever go through?" I asked.

Denison laughed. "Couple of years ago, I was driving a Bug of mine across Prosperous Lake, twelve miles from Yellowknife, and I didn't see the ice crack. The stupid thing went in, but it floated six or eight minutes, so I climbed out of my seat and jumped out the other door. A Bug has a hull like a boat, full of holes, but a Cat—now, that's something else again. It's solid iron and drops through water like a rock."

I asked what had happened to the Bombardier that sank in Prosperous Lake.

"Oh, I left it there and went home," Denison said. "I sent a man out to find out how deep the water was, and he probed two hundred and fifty feet and couldn't touch bottom. I said, 'I've got to have it—it's the only thing I have to make a road with. Probe to five hundred.' You see, we had to know how deep the water was, so that we'd know how long a line we needed to sound for the Bug. We finally hit the bottom at three hundred and fifty feet. Then we found a spot where gasoline from the Bug had discolored the ice; that told us roughly where it was. We drilled about fifty or sixty holes in that area, and then we put a small iron bar on a string and dropped it through each of the holes, sounding for the Bug. When we found it, we hooked it with a big heavy grappling hook and started winching it up. The hook came off seven times and caught on the eighth. We lifted the Bug with the winch, which was on an A-frame, through a little hole we cut in the ice with a chain saw, and set the Bug over on a pad. The gas tanks had collapsed, but we had brought extra ones along, which we installed, and then we dried the Bug out with a Herman Nelson heater and drove it home. The same Bug is now at the bottom of Hardisty Lake, almost a hundred miles farther north on this road, and I haven't had time to go and get the stupid thing, so it's still there. I don't think of it as really lost—just in cold storage. A machine doesn't deteriorate under water—only when the air hits it. Not much damage is done if the engine is turned off before the machine hits the water. I've dropped five machines in the lakes around here in seven years, but that's the only one I've lost. I'm more likely to put a piece through than any of my men are now, because I'll go where they won't dare. These men have spent their life on ice and dropped more Cats through than I have, so they're more scared than I am. Maybe I'll get time to go back and pull up that Bombardier this year." He opened the window to look back at the Bug we were hauling, then rolled the window up again. "I don't mind ennathing else, but I do mind the cold," he said. "When the temperature hits forty below zero—about what it is now—nothing but trouble! Air lines freeze, and you just don't have any brakes."

The portage road at the end of Marian Lake was the longest on the Ice Road—forty miles. It was terribly rough, and as we were crawling at four miles an hour around a very narrow curve, Denison said, "It was right here that one of my drivers, Shannon O'Reilly, rolled his truck last season." I must have looked puzzled, because that language was new to me. "Rolling a truck is laying it on its side," Denison explained. "And when a driver says he has rhubarbed, that means he went off the road in a ditch but stayed on his tires. Last year was the first year since I've been making my road when nothing got wet, but we had one truck that turned completely over, got a short, and burned up the whole cargo. I turned my camper on its side once, too. All the food went out, and the ketchup went splat all over the inside walls. What a mess!"



We were heading for a group of low buildings nestled in the snow on a mountainside. The buildings were empty shells, all that remained of the closed Rayrock Mine. "Most of Rayrock is sitting where I moved it—at Tundra, a gold mine that opened in the Barrens after Rayrock closed," Denison said. Beyond the old mine, the road narrowed to a single track. Low willow bushes and graceful spruce trees brushed against us on both sides. "This is the beginning of my real road," Denison said. "We should be meeting up with my men any time now."

A few minutes later, we came up behind another great snowplow truck, like 36, standing on the near bank of the Emile River. Denison walked over to the truck, which had a gold 34 painted on the door, climbed into its cab, and emerged shortly with two men I had met when I worked in Yellowknife the previous year—Al Frost, a young Indian driver, and Tom Berry, a driver and a master mechanic. After we had exchanged greetings, Berry re-

AFTER ALL

After all these years of another life
I dream of you and of your new husband,
but I can no longer imagine your once
darkening tree-green eyelids. Who is he?
This man that you prefer above all others,
his head above yours, who holds you prisoner,
for whom you left your best friend in a day's decision,
the fall of a leaf in autumn, as if turning over in bed—
your legs, more thin, flashing, here in the orange light.
I am nearly blind in this new dream. You say,
"Moon and sun are aligned now above one of us."
There will be other worlds after death,
but I am sure we will never meet again.
There are no trees now to hold on to,
none of the flowers we might have picked
that morning we walked beside the dark lake.
I want to kill the man you have married.
Yet, in my dream, I raise my glass to him
and to you in a phantom's toast of love to love.

—WILLIAM HUNT

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"The blues have been good to us, Binky."

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turned to his truck, Frost unhooked the Bug from the camper and got into it, and our vehicles crossed the river one at a time, over a narrow, rickety metal bridge that creaked and complained. We climbed the opposite bank on a half-cleared, deeply rutted road, and at the top we found a large red TD-14 International tractor slowly advancing toward us, crushing trees and bushes in its path to clear the overgrown portage road. A man's head with black hair and a black beard stuck out grotesquely above a canvas sheet that was stretched high across the open front of the Cat for a windbreaker. We stopped, and Denison got out again, this time to climb up on the tread of the tractor and shout over the clattering noise of its motor to the driver, Gilles Chartrand, who nodded vigorously. When Denison returned and we drove on past the tractor, he said crossly, "I've been seeing piles of snow in the woods all the way from Rayrock. I told that fool to stop wasting valuable snow—to put it back on the road, where it belongs, and pack it down. When you're making an ice road, you take snow off the lakes but not off the portages. On the portages, you use it, because it's like cement and you've got to mix it as if that was what it is. You've got to beat the goddam air out of it right away, so it will freeze solid. Take the two feet of snow that we have around here now. Well, we'll keep dragging it, take all the air out, until we have only two inches of snow left, and when the weather gets cold again like this, it'll turn to ice right away. Making ice roads is a science. I wish I had my books with me to show you how the Russians and Swedes have been studying it." He grimaced. "But everything those guys write, even translated into English, is in technical terms I don't understand. So I make my roads my own way."

"What way is that?" I asked.

"First, I go by plane over the area where I'm planning to make my road, to see if it's possible," Denison said. "Then I scout the ground between the lakes—the portages—to find the best route through, and sometimes there isn't any. I use the Bug we brought with us for scouting and marking out the route; it's the fastest, lightest vehicle over ice, when it runs. Then our twelve-ton Cat clears trees and stumps and rocks away so we can get the rest of the equipment through, and the third step is to knock the snow down from two feet to two or three inches with special steel drags I've designed, which we hook on behind the Cat and, later, behind the trucks. Then we pack the snow down some more—with heavy trucks like 36 and Tom Berry's 34, and the Cat, and a couple of trucks you haven't met up with yet that go back and forth over it at least a half-dozen times to level it down. We try to camp ahead of where the crew will be working so that I can go forward and scout the next morning, while the crew goes back to pack down the portage we've just cleared. The portage roads and the lake roads are two different kinds, of course. On the lakes, which make up ninety per cent of the Ice Road, we just go through with a snowplow truck and open a road. After

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we get the road in, the plow keeps going back and forth, clearing off excess snow that blows in, and we send along the freight trucks. Without snow as a blanket insulating the ice, the frost keeps going down through to make the ice thicker and thicker. We go on plowing all season."

Denison's eyes were fastened on the road. It was less a road than a half-broken trail, so rough I had to grip the seat and the door to avoid bouncing into the radio; we were rocking from side to side over ruts a foot deep. Suddenly, we slapped down onto a small lake. "When we come down on ice like that, how do you know we won't go through?" I asked.

"We've got to go over the lake ennaway, so what's the difference?" Denison replied.

I consulted a mining map I had bought in Yellowknife. "This is Tumi Lake," I said.

"The next will be Rabbit," Denison said. "You might as well learn the names of the lakes that make up the Ice Road. Not counting potholes—lakes too small to have names—there are eighteen. Marian, Tumi, Rabbit, Hislop, Squirrel, Mazenod, Sarah, Faber, Rae, Tuche, Séguin, Hardisty, Malfait, Beaverlodge, Hottah, Fishtrap, Yen, Gunbarrel Inlet, Great Bear Lake. Gunbarrel is actually part of Great Bear Lake."

Denison kept his eyes on the road, but he was relaxed and talkative. "Today is January 3rd," he said. "We should have the road open to Echo Bay by the fifteenth, but as to when we really get it done, I won't know until we get there. I don't even know what I'm doing tomorrow. Tomorrow morning, the weather might blow in and we might have to stay wherever we are for a week. I make my money on the freight loads, so the sooner I get my road in, the better. The Canadian government puts up about fifteen thousand dollars every year, and by the time I clear portages, drag them, and blast a few rocks, it costs me around a hundred dollars a mile to make my road. Every year, we improve the old portages or make new ones."

We reached Hislop Lake at four o'clock, when it was completely dark. We made our own road for a few feet through crusty snow on the lake, which had not yet been plowed, and then stopped. "We'll spend the night here," Denison said. "The others'll be along any minute, wanting coffee."

The darkness was soon broken by the bright twin eyes of the Bombardier as it dropped off the shore onto the lake, and, behind and above it, the large yellow eyes of Tom Berry's big truck. Lumbering far behind was the Cat, whose single torch split the night with a shaft of light. The vehicles clustered around us in a half circle, facing inward. The men left their trucks with motors idling and began to test the ice around us. Denison lit a small propane-gas heater, which he called a Silent Susie or a Lazy Susan, in the living-room area of the camper, while I prepared to make coffee. There was no water, so I rushed outside and scooped up snow at the door, heaping it into the bottom section of the percolator and putting coffee in the top. I set the pot on a burner and waited for the coffee to percolate, but nothing happened. I looked inside; there were tiny bubbles of air but no water. I was still gazing into the pot when the men arrived for their coffee. Snow to make coffee! They shook their heads. Didn't I know that snow was mostly air?

Denison departed with a pail and an ice auger—a long-handled drill with a cutting end shaped like a spoon, to slice through the ice—and returned with a supply of glistening lake water. On my second attempt to make coffee, I filled the percolator with water. Tom Berry poured half the water out into an open pan, which he set on a second burner to boil. "Cuts the boiling time in half and the coffee perks twice as fast," he said. "How come you didn't know *that*?" My cold-weather cooking lesson wasn't over. I found that the store bread I had put away in a cupboard was frozen stiff but the fresh-baked bread that Denison had cached in the refrigerator was ready to eat. What a topsy-turvy world! The cupboards were a deep freeze, and the insulated refrigerator was, by comparison, warm. From then on, the last thing I did before I went to bed each night was remove a package of frozen bacon from a cupboard and put it in the refrigerator, so that it would be soft for breakfast.

Berry and Denison left in the Bug to scout the entrance to the next portage, at the north end of Hislop Lake, eight miles away. The driver of the Cat, Gilles Chartrand, went to sleep on the bunk in the overhang, and Al Frost settled down comfortably against the flowered cushions on the bench to drink his coffee.

"I heard in Yellowknife that you fell into Great Bear Lake last year in a Bug," I said. "I've been wondering what it was like."

"I fell in at a place called Confidence Point," Frost said. "I had started from Echo Bay two days before, on February 26th, and I'd made maybe a hundred miles, stoppin' to check the ice now and then by choppin' a hole about a foot deep. If I didn't see water, I'd figure it's O.K. When I was tired, I'd just stop for the night, gas up the Bug, cook me a couple of steaks and a vegetable on my Primus stove, put my eiderdown across the seats, read a mystery, and go to sleep. The third day, just before daylight, I had gone about ten miles at my average speed—only ten or twelve miles an hour—and I was goin' through this narrows, and that's where I felt my rear end come down. I just felt somethin' wasn't quite right in the machine, so I looked back and saw it was sinkin' backward. The driver's seat in a Bug is in the middle, and all I could think about was gettin' out and not gettin' wet. I knew the right door didn't work, so it would have to be the left one. The front end was up in the air, so I shoved the door open and jumped. Luckily, the ice was thick enough where I landed to hold me, but my left leg got wet. I watched the Bug goin' down fast, with a few bubbles. The first thing to come up was a barrel with about fifteen gallons of gas. In the little thin sports jacket I was wearin' I had two books of matches, so I gathered wood on the shore, made a big fire there, dried my socks, and waited to see what else would come up."

"Could you see the Bug?" I asked.

"Well, I got a long dry tree branch and brushed the snow off the ice, and then I could see the Bug down about fifteen feet," Frost replied. "It was restin' on a rock. The first thing I did was to fish out the junk beginnin' to float up. Like a case of pork chops. That's all I had to eat, about thirty pork chops, and I made a hook with some wire in my pocket and fished out my teapot, and that's what I used to cook my pork chops."

"What else did you get?"

"See, when I jumped, all my food and blanket and gun was in the cab in the front and slid out the door under water," Frost said. "I just had whatever gear I was wearing—a summer jacket, winter underwear, pants, work boots, a knitted hat, but no mitts—and the temperature was thirty below. I did fish out my blanket four days later, only then it took me two days to dry it. I had plenty of water to drink, but I got mighty tired of pork. Hell, I had five or six chops the first day. I began to ration them, and even had three or four left when I was picked up. My

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gun went down in the Bug, and I wished I had it for all the caribou and foxes and wolves that were passin' by me every day."

Frost got up, poured himself fresh coffee, and sat down again. "I worked every day tryin' to fish somethin' out of the Bug, but the big idea was never to let my fire go out," he continued. "If it got too low, I would freeze to death in my sleep, so I didn't sleep for about four or five days. Just a little now and then. I had used all the gas to get my fire started, so the first two days all I did was to gather wood and make a big shelter and curl in under the brush, so I could keep warm. I was playin' Tarzan all the time, breakin' down spruce trees for markings on the lake. I piled them up in two long lines, so you could see them from the air—so if you didn't see one you would see the other. I did that in my spare time, which I had lots of. I was there seven nights and eight days alone, and I was startin' to answer myself. I figured I'd get picked up sooner or later, and the second day I heard a plane. The pilot, Smoky Hornby, was supposed to be comin' to check on me, but he did a pass and went on. The next day, I heard another plane that passed on, and then for three or four days you couldn't see for the fog. If I hadn't been picked up soon, it was my intention to walk back, but I figured I'd be runnin' to keep warm. It would take at least three days, and my only rest would be to make the kind of camp I already had in the nearest bush, warm up, sleep for a half hour, and keep goin'.

"On the eighth day, I heard a plane circlin' where I was supposed to have been goin', and then Smoky must have seen my markers," Frost went on. "He wandered a bit, and finally saw my trees and circled there. I had trees all around so nobody would land where I went through, where the ice was thin—four or five inches." Frost leaned across the table almost confidentially and said to me, "I'll tell you somethin'. I was just lucky to have a couple of books of matches in my pocket, just lucky. Because I never would have survived without 'em. I've been in the bush all my life, and I used this." He tapped his head. "I made sure I had plenty of wood, made markers and a shelter, all that sort of thing. I got tired doin' the same old thing, lookin' at the same old grub, and I missed a wash in the worst way, more than food. But take a white man in those circumstances—he'd have been dead."

"Does it scare you now to travel on ice?" I asked cautiously.

Frost shrugged. "I'm a little more alert, you might say, and I make sure that both doors are workin' before I leave the garage and that my little match bottle is on me, and not in my packsack, where it should never have been." Sitting completely relaxed, with his cap perched on the back of his handsome head, Frost looked like a schoolboy, but he was twenty-six. He is from Old Crow, in the Yukon, where his father, now dead, was with the Mounted Police until he married and settled down there as a storekeeper, trapping on the side. His mother is a Cree Indian and still lives in Old Crow, which produces many skiers. Frost's brothers and sisters are fine skiers, and his own skiing career looked promising until it was cut short by a jump in which he lost his balance, fainted, and came to with one leg facing the wrong way. He was still in high school then, training for races in Alaska, and he finished school by correspondence from a hospital bed. Now he is an operator of a Cat—or, in trucking lingo, a Cat skinner.

"Don't disturb Daddy's meditation, sweetheart, or you will have to deal with Daddy's anger."

THE Cat and 34 worked back and forth over the previous portage between Rabbit Lake and Hislop, where we were camped, all night. The men had only one or two hours' sleep before they came to breakfast in the camper. Afterward, Denison tried the radio at the regular call hour, and reached Jimmy Watson, in 36, who was on his way but thirty miles behind us, on the Rayrock Road, where he had spent the night. "I'm at the south side of Hislop, south side of Hislop," Denison said, speaking into the small microphone cupped in his large hand. "We'll wait for you here. Wait for you here."

There was a crackling sound, and then Watson's voice repeated the message: "Wait for me there, wait for me there. Roger."

Denison replaced the microphone on the hook on the phone box. "When Jimmy gets here, in two and a half hours, he can carry the Cat across the lake on his lowboy," Denison said. "It'll save fuel and time. The Cat walks on its own only four or five miles an hour, and Jimmy goes fifteen or twenty. We need that Cat just for clearing portages, and, ennaway, the less it walks across the lakes the better. Besides, it's cold driving in the open, and nobody should *ever* drive on a

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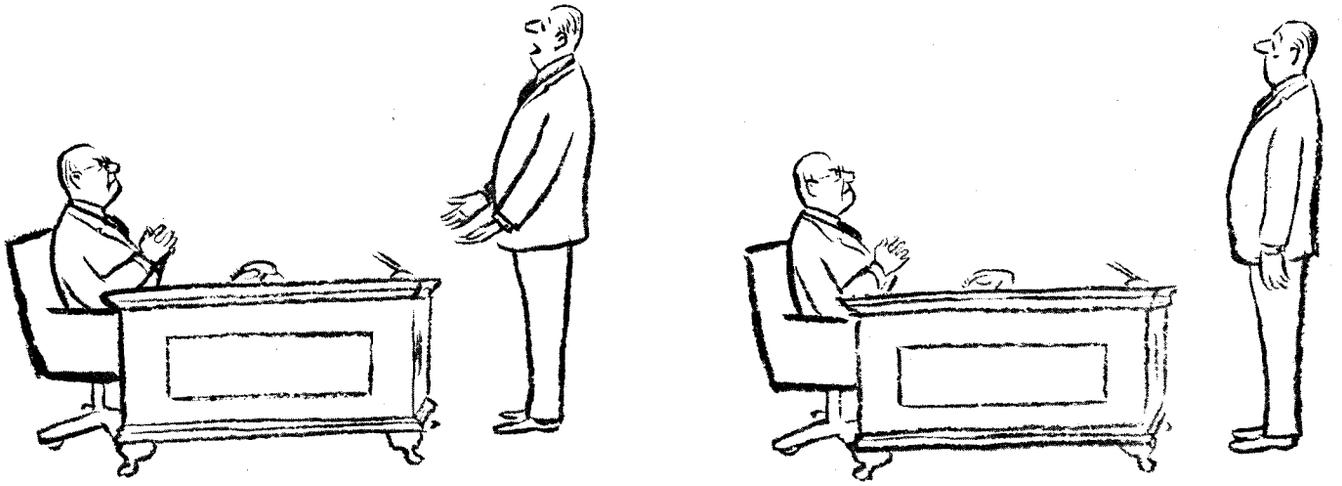

"I beg of you, B.J., on bended knee."

• •

lake in a Cat that has a closed-in cab. When a Cat goes down, it sinks so fast there's no time to open a door before you jump." He looked up at the sky and scowled. "It's a hell of a day," he said. It had begun to snow.

The men slept until Watson came, and by the time he arrived the snow was falling so thickly that when the African Queen was only twenty feet away she was a shadowy hulk, with fuzzy orange spheres for headlights. It was now about ten in the morning, and as soon as Jimmy had had breakfast we started across Hislop Lake. I rode in the first truck, 34, with Tom Berry, who plowed the way. His truck was a six-wheel-drive mammoth, the same as 36 but newer. Sitting eight feet above the snowy lake beside Berry, I had an irrational sense of power and participation as he slowly broke eight miles of new road. The plow flung snow in a white cloud to either side as Berry peered through the windshield trying to find the fading tracks made the day before, when he and Denison had scouted ahead in the Bug. The others were right behind us—Denison in the camper, Frost in the Bug, and Watson bringing up the rear in 36, carrying the Cat on the trailer, with Chartrand sitting inside the truck on the battery box. We were in weather that Northerners dread, when heavy winds combine with heavy snowfall to create a thick white swirl that reduces visibility close to zero. Ordinarily, travellers caught in such weather sit down wherever they are and wait. Berry's visibility was protected as much as it could be by a canvas sheet stretched across the radiator just below the windshield to divert the upthrown plowed snow, and he had put on yellow goggles to cut the glare. He felt his way slowly.

The interior of Berry's cab gleamed. The dashboard had as many dials as a small plane, for instant reporting on fuel, speed, air pressure, batteries, and temperature. There were switches for the plow (which was operated by a hydraulic lift), the motor-powered winch, the lights, and the windshield wipers. His two-way radio, a duplicate of Denison's, was mounted in front of me just below the windshield. Directly behind the cab, but accessible only from the outside, through its own door, was the caboose, a seven-by-eight-foot shack furnished with two bunks, a stove, lamps, and a food box. This was where Berry lived while he was assigned to 34. The African Queen had no such luxurious accommodations; Watson could bed down for the night in his sleeping bag in the cab, and eat cold food from his box, or he could catch up with the camper and sleep there. Every truck, even the old Bug, carried emergency food rations and was supposed to have a propane-gas heater, but if all else failed, including the motor, the lifesaver until help arrived would be a sleeping bag.

We crept along at three miles an hour. Berry stopped several times and tested the ice with an ice auger; it ranged from twenty to thirty inches thick. The slow pace got to Denison; he impatiently swung out and around us in the lighter, faster camper and disappeared ahead, making his own tracks in the snow. Berry shook his head. "I'd do anything for John, but if I owned any trucks, I'd hate to see him drive off in one of them, he's so hard on trucks," he said. "He's the worst driver of all—very reckless. John's a straight, go-ahead driver. You don't make any money backing up, though, and if it weren't for him some of the mines around here wouldn't have opened. John's proved that freighting with standard trucks right up into the Arctic is feasible. This is the kind of operation that's making this country. He builds and maintains the roads, operates and repairs his own equipment—everything. John's road is part and parcel of the growth of the North, and when he started hauling freight in trucks successfully this far north, even into the Barrens, he was the only man in the Territories doing it. Everybody said he was nuts. Everybody."

We soon caught up with Denison. He had turned the camper around and was flashing his lights on and off, to signal that he was at the entrance to the next portage. We had covered just eight miles, to the north end of Hislop, before it was time to make our camp for the night. Half a mile away, in a curve of the shore, there were a dozen log cabins and small wooden houses on an incline slanting to the lake's edge, where a pile of red fuel drums and a line of overturned canoes lay beside a small dock. This was an old Indian village, inhabited by members of the Dog-Rib tribe. Berry pointed out some nearby meat caches—frozen caribou carcasses stored on open wooden platforms on stilts, to prevent dogs and wolves from getting at them.

The Bug, the camper, 34, and 36 formed a circle, and soon another truck spluttered up behind us, sounding like a percolator—a mangy orange truck with a snowplow in front and a silver shack on its back. This was No. 43 on Denison's truck roster—a twenty-year-old F.W.D. (for "four-wheel drive"), which everyone referred to as Fud. It was used for snowplowing and dragging. The driver joined our lunch table in the camper—a cheerful, stocky man with thinning blond hair and very blue eyes, who was introduced to me as Billy Mukluk. Since "mukluk" is the word for a waterproof Eskimo boot of

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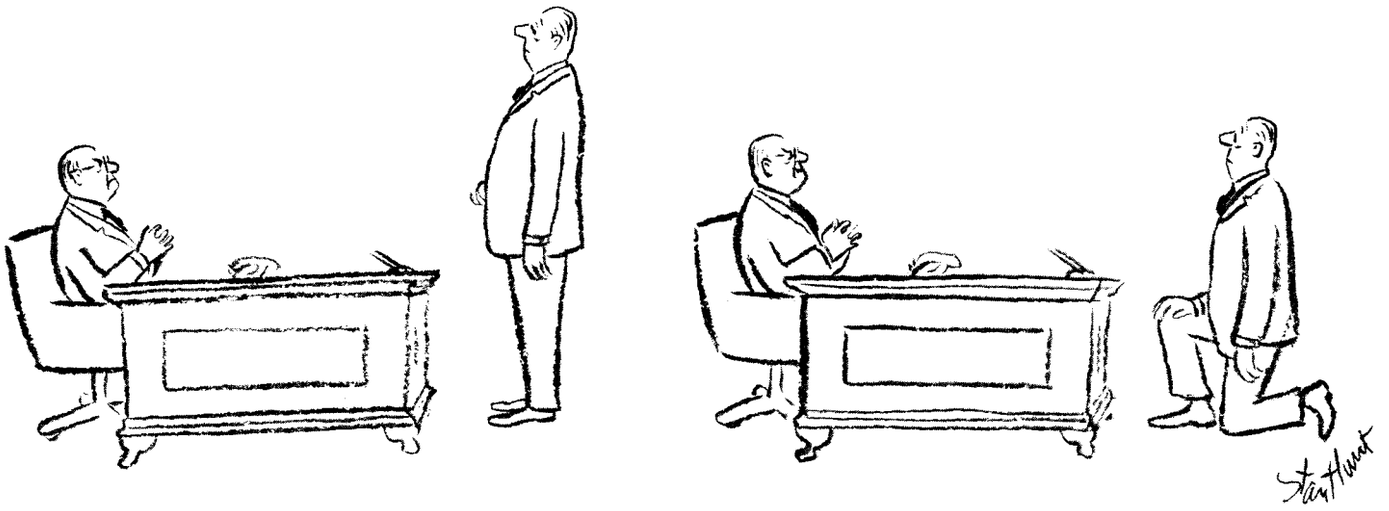

sealskin or caribou skin, I was surprised to learn that he was of Ukrainian descent, and came from a large White Russian settlement in Alberta. Although he was born in Canada, he spoke Russian at home, and his English had a slight accent. I found out several days later that his name was really Billy Michalchuk, but by that time I was calling him Mukluk, like everyone else.

I counted seven people to be fed—Mukluk, Jimmy Watson, Gilles Chartrand, Tom Berry, Al Frost, Denison, and myself. Everyone settled down expectantly, as if I knew what to provide. I hastily heated some soup; got out some bread, salami, and cheese; opened some canned fruit; and made coffee by the double-pot method I had so recently learned. Before the men started eating their soup, Mukluk, who belonged to a Pentecostal church, bowed his head and murmured grace. We were still eating lunch when three Indian men and a young boy came across the ice on sleds from the village and knocked on our door. Denison invited them to lunch, and asked them how the ice was. The men turned to the boy, who talked to them in their own language. Then the boy said to John, in English, "Pretty good."

"Hunting much?" Denison asked.

The boy shook his head.

"Fishing?"

"Not much," the boy said.

The men talked to the boy again, and he asked Denison, "Did you see a dog team? We are expecting the chief to come from Fort Rae."

"No," Denison said, "but we'll have the road plowed up to here by tomorrow, so he'll probably come then."

The boy spoke again with the older Indians, who had finished eating and were staring at me. They departed as quietly as they had come.

Everyone but Denison left shortly in the trucks to go back eight miles to the other end of the lake and work over the newly broken portage. I washed dishes: one inch of lake water heated in a dishpan on the stove for washing, paper towels for drying. Berry returned early, and he and Denison went out scouting in the Bug, leaving me alone. I heated water, washed clothes, took a sponge bath, and baked a whole box of macaroni with cheese in a casserole in the oven. It was lovely and quiet on the lake beside the Indian village—a peaceful hour of solitude. I settled back to read a paperback mystery one of the men had left on the table. There was a timid knock on the door; an Indian family—father, mother, and son—had arrived for a visit. They were dressed in caribou pants and caribou parkas with hoods. They drank ceremonial coffee, ate some cookies I brought out, and stared at me silently after a few brusque words of greeting. When this small group departed, another arrived, and then another, until surely the whole settlement had come to see the strange woman with the trucks.

During the next two days, the fifth and sixth of January, we went all the way back to Yellowknife, to get a new generator for the camper, a new transmission for the Bug, and a new sleeping bag for me. (My first one had fallen into the propane heater in the camper and caught fire.) This backtracking surprised me, but I soon found that it couldn't be avoided in building the Ice Road, because there was no other way of getting new equipment when the radiophone wasn't working. We also made some changes in our crew. Al Frost left us to keep a previous commitment in Yellowknife. Bob Burns, a red-haired Cat skinner from the Saskatchewan prairies, replaced Gilles Chartrand as driver of Denison's big red Cat; Denison had reassigned Chartrand to be resident cook at a rest stop for the truckers on Sarah Lake. And we were joined by a machine, new to me, that Denison had nicknamed the Beaver; this was a Universal Carrier, a large silver-and-red room mounted on four colossal flotation tires, each about three feet across. The Beaver served as a kitchen and was used for packing snow on the portages. Its driver was a man whom everyone called Spotlight George, because he always drove with his spotlight on, day or night. I never did learn his last name.

By the night of the seventh, we had moved a hundred and twenty-five miles forward on the Ice Road, to Faber Lake. Travelling in the camper after dinner that night, moving north in the dark on the portage between Faber Lake and Rae Lake, Denison and I suddenly stopped, blinded by the glare of a spotlight. It was the Cat coming directly at us. It veered and turned before stopping alongside us. Then the Bug rushed at us, turned away, and stopped beside the Cat. Then Jimmy Watson was upon us, crashing through the underbrush in 36. Denison sat with one elbow on the steering wheel and chin in hand, staring ahead. We now formed a half circle of lights that illuminated a single area in front of us as dramatically as if it were the stage of a theatre. In the center of that stage, pathetic, forlorn, broken, stood Fud, its lights out, its radiator steaming, its silver shack lying on its side on the ground.

Mukluk climbed out of Fud and walked over to the camper. Denison rolled down his window and said, "S'matter, Mukluk, don't you like your bed no more?"

"I didn't know I had lost the caboose until the engine got warm," Mukluk said, rubbing his unshaven chin unhappily. "When the shack fell

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off, it broke the water lines." Denison later explained to me that the caboose's heating system consisted of pipes through which water from the truck's radiator circulated. When the water lines connecting the truck and the caboose were broken, water ran out of the radiator, causing the engine to overheat.

Fud had been carrying several red gasoline drums behind the shack, and they were scattered on the ground. Burns, an orange wool cap pulled down over his ears, drove slowly forward with the Cat to move the drums out of the way. "Don't bust 'em, that's our spare gas," Denison whispered, leaning over the wheel to watch Burns maneuver the Cat's plow, or blade. Finally he sat back, relieved. "You can tell Burns is an expert Cat man," he said. "Look at the way he's running that blade. He has to keep working it all the time to hold it level like that!"

There was a roar behind us, and then Tom Berry rushed past in 34, halted beside Fud, and began talking out his window to Mukluk. "The men obviously have a plan, so let's see what it is," Denison said. "I like to give a guy a job to do and leave him alone. Let them work it out for themselves, eh?"

Mukluk and Watson struggled with the fallen shack, running chains around it and hooking them up on the winch of the Cat. Burns, maneuvering the winch, skillfully turned the shack and lifted it, slowly, by the chains. "You're going to lose it, you guys," Denison said softly. The shack slipped from the chains and fell back on the ground. The men went at it again, and on the third try they set the shack up again on Fud. Then Mukluk, Watson, and Berry came over to the camper, stamping their feet and pounding their fists together to offset the forty-below cold, and talked to Denison. Berry's beard was white with frost. Mukluk's three-day stubble had little icicles hanging from it. Berry said, "Well, Mukluk, I guess you'll be staying with me. Is it O.K., John, if I charge him rent?"

Denison laughed. "Let's take Fud up to Rae Lake, where we can work on it, and we'll camp there for the night," he said. "Put the drums back on, tie 'em down, and let's get going." With that, he started off in the camper, and a mile farther on we bumped down on the southern end of Rae Lake. "Accidents like that one happen all the time," Denison said cheerfully. "What I really hate is leaving ennathing behind in the bush. Somebody's always driving over it later."

When Mukluk came into the camper to discuss Fud's problems with Denison, Watson had gone to sleep, exhausted, in the large back bunk, which he shared with Denison. I took two mugs of coffee and walked across the ice to Tom Berry's truck and knocked on the door of the caboose. There was no answer, so I knocked on the door of the cab. He opened the door, took the coffee from me, and reached out and pulled me up into the passenger seat. I settled down breathlessly and said, "Why does everything break down so much? Is it because John uses such old equipment?"

Berry rubbed a hand up and down his beard, drank some of the hot coffee, and set the cup down on the spotless red surface above his dashboard. He lit a cigarette before he answered. "John uses a lot of old stuff because even if it were new when he bought it, chances are it would break anyway," he said. "Most vehicles are built for warmer weather. After a couple of years up here, most of them are wrecks. It can't be helped. When the temperature gets down past forty below zero, metal becomes rigid with cold—so brittle that something has to give. Even that Cat is liable to bust if it hits a rock—especially the 'dozer blade. Oil's another problem. Oil solidifies and gets so stiff around shock absorbers they can't move, so when the going is rough the metal breaks instead. Oil in a cold engine solidifies, too, so to keep our engines lubricated we have them going day and night. Keep an engine running ten minutes without oil and you need a new one. Same thing with the transmission and differential, and with your gears. If oil isn't warm enough to flow through them, the gears run dry and cut a track, metal right into metal. Your weather stripping on your doors and windows gets froze so hard that just closing the door raps metal on metal with no cushion, so the windows crack. Even a vehicle's frame is liable to break. John would rather rebuild a machine when it breaks than start with a new one. If you'll notice, though, he never likes to send a truck out alone, or without another one fairly close behind. With two trucks, there's a pretty good chance that at least one of 'em will get through."

Denison had been cooking breakfast for the men each morning, putting a full meal on the table during the few minutes it took me to wash my face and brush my teeth in the snow outside, but his ulcers were bothering him so much when he woke up the next day that I volunteered to cook. I began with a good deal of trepidation. Watson, Berry, Mukluk, and Burns were already sitting at the table, politely waiting, and Mukluk had said grace over the canned juice. Much worse, Denison was leaning on one elbow above me in the back bunk, silently observing. I burned the bacon. I fried nine eggs, turning them to order, and broke seven. There was total silence as I served up the messy yellow-and-white mixtures surrounded by black strips of carbon, one after another. On the last egg that I turned, I looked up at Denison in a kind of desperation. He managed a wan smile. "You lose your nerve at the last minute, every time," he said.

After lunch the next day, Denison, Watson, and I set off in the Bug to scout the next lake, Tuche, and the portage between it and Rae Lake, where we had spent the night. I sat on a plank on the floor in the back, below an escape hatch in the ceiling which had formerly had a door but was now covered by a flimsy rag of a coat. There was an ominous clink in the engine. "I don't trust this old pile of junk, but there's no point spending ten or twelve thousand for a new one when I use it only this once a year," said Denison, who by then was feeling considerably better. The Bug was having transmission trouble, and to keep the transmission from jumping out of position into neutral Watson had to hold his foot pressed against the gearshift. During the return from our expedition, the Bug developed more trouble, and stopped. "The temperature and oil are both down," Denison said. "We must have burned a bearing." Both men got out and tinkered with the motor. I was so accustomed to miracles that I was not surprised when the engine started chugging again and we were able to move on. At the south end of Tuche, at the beginning of the woods between Tuche and Rae, we came to a halt. Denison said that the route we had taken through the woods earlier was too long for the Bug in its crippled condition and that the route now ahead of us, which was more direct, was too rough. Our crew was only about a hundred yards away, on Rae Lake; we could see the smoke of our trucks through thick undergrowth and hear the sound of voices. But between us and the men was a deep, densely wooded ravine. Denison sent Watson on foot to tell the men where we were. The sun was going down, and Denison grew impatient. Why didn't Watson return?

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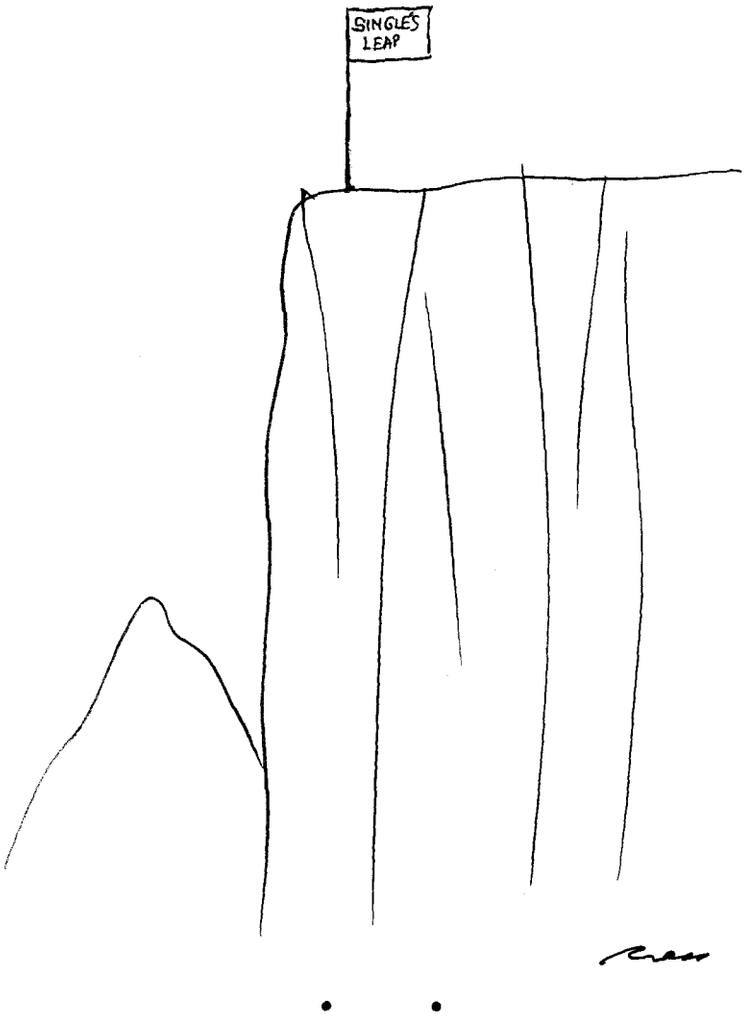

I asked why we didn't follow him in the Bug. "The way this old Bug is now, she'd never make it," Denison said. "We'd have to go right through the trees." He looked at his watch, swore, got out of the Bug, and disappeared into the ravine.

In the crippled Bug, with its engine still running, I had for company Jimmy Watson's tool kit, an oil drum, a gasoline drum, an ice auger, a shovel, an axe, and two propane heaters, one of which Denison had lit before he left. I was quite warm, and since it was dark out I curled up on the floor with a sleeping bag as a pillow, and took a nap. When I woke, it was after five. I stepped out of the Bug, wondering if I should follow Denison but remembering how often I had read about novices in the North who had frozen to death a few yards from shelter. I was turning to get back in the Bug when I saw an electric lantern swinging toward me, and a moment later Denison emerged from the darkness. He climbed into the driver's seat looking grim. "The Cat's in the water," he said. "It's down four feet, about thirty from shore, turned over on its right side. If we had a winch on a truck, we could pull it out in a few minutes, but the winch on 36 has a burned-out bearing, and the only other winch that's strong enough is on the Cat itself. The radios are dead, so I'll have to go back to the garage for help. But the first thing I have to do is get this Bug back to the other vehicles while it's still running. Keep your foot against the gearshift, and let's go!"

I sat where Watson had sat, my left foot pressed against the gearshift, my left hand pressed on my knee to keep my foot steady, my right arm bracing me on the seat. The Bug went forward with a horrid lurch. I looked up into the stream of brightness made by our headlights, and gasped. We were driving directly into a very large white tree, its thick trunk coming up to meet us out of the dark. Brush crackled under our treads as the tree trunk came closer and closer. I looked at Denison; he looked straight at the tree trunk, making no effort to swerve. Swerve where? We were surrounded by trees. "Keep your foot on that gearshift!" Denison snapped without turning his head. So I held on to the shift and the seat, and the tree came up to our windshield, separated from my face by the short, curved front of the Bug.

Crack!

The tree snapped off. Unbelievably, it fell over, laden with snow, as neatly as if it has been cut with scissors.

Crack! Crack! Crack! The trees fell before us as we crashed through that woods. The old Bug rattled and shook with each blow.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Finally, I didn't even close my eyes when we hit. I noticed that it took a birch longer to break than a spruce.

A yellow patch of light appeared in the black sky above the trees ahead. Suddenly we leaped onto the ice, into a circle of headlights. The Cat, a great wounded animal, was lying on its side, its right track under water, with broken ice floating around it. The other vehicles were standing at a respectful distance, shedding light—comforting companions and mourners. Denison shouted "Lift your foot!" and as I did the transmission slipped into neutral and we came to a halt, the motor idling. My toes were stiff from the cold air that had been blowing on them through the hole at the base of the gearshift. I felt as though we had come miles, but it had been only about a hundred yards.

Denison got out and walked around the Cat. The men clustered silently near him, waiting for an instant remedy. There was none. Everyone drove back to the camper, on Rae Lake, and Denison tried the radio. He wanted to call to have parts brought by plane to repair the winch. There was no response—only static. That settled it. Someone had to go back for help. Tom Berry started at once for Fort Byers, to return with another tractor and its owner to drive it—Hughie Arden, an old-time Northerner, who was an expert on Cat salvage. The power steering on 34 had broken, so Berry needed to go back anyway.

The radio was silent all the next day and the day after. Denison was really ill, and stopped eating. He lay on the back bunk as still as death, his eyes shut. He opened them and turned his head only when one or another of the men came to report on his work. Without a Cat to clear away trees and rocks, no portage road could be broken open. Fud's shack had been fastened in position again and her water lines hooked up, so Mukluk and Jimmy Watson had returned to dragging and packing down the portages behind us and plowing out the road on the lakes to keep it clear of drifts. Bob Burns, grieving for his crippled Cat, spent the days in the camper, his head down, a paperback mystery open and unread in his hand, smoking cigarette after cigarette and drinking coffee. It was fifty below outside. I drove up with Watson in 36 to see the Cat. It was well frozen into its icy prison and coated with tons of ice at the waterline.

On the second night, I asked Wat-

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son how sick he thought Denison was.

"Pretty bad, but not so that we have to get a plane to fly him out, like some of the other times," Watson whispered. "Last year, he was flown out three times. He'd be out for a day, and then he'd be O.K. and he'd come back. John'll pick up when things get better. He shouldn't be doing this kind of work, but you can't stop him."

I dreamed that night that all the lights were on and someone was standing in front of me shouting. I woke to find Tom Berry standing in the door, back from Fort Byers, with a flashlight in his hand. It was the first time I had ever seen him agitated. "It's through!" he shouted. "I just went through the ice in 34!"

Denison had pulled on his boots and struggled into his parka before Berry stopped shouting. "I heard you drive in, Tom," he said. "I *knew* you were through the ice. I could *feel* it, and I heard a crunch. I thought, By Jesus, I'm not going to worry, and then I heard some more crunch, crunch, crunch, and you yelled." Denison followed Berry outside.

I put some water on the stove for coffee and then joined the group outside around the endangered truck. Both ends of 34 were standing on the ice, but it sagged in the middle, where the back wheels of the cab and the front wheels of the trailer were partly under water. The rescue squad to retrieve Denison's Cat from its watery hole had arrived with Berry—Hughie Arden and Davy Lorenzen, a man in his thirties, who worked winters for Denison and had his own sand-and-gravel business in the summers. Arden and Lorenzen had come in Lorenzen's tow truck, a modest ten-ton Diamond T model, which was standing at a discreet distance on the ice behind the accident; on its trailer hitch was a giraffelike machine, a cherry picker, which had a long neck with a lot of pulleys and cables for lifting heavy objects. Two additional pieces of equipment had been brought out on the lowboy of 34—Arden's silver caboose, equipped with bunks and a cookstove, and his yellow Cat. Burns prepared to drive the Cat off the back of 34's trailer. The other men started up a Herman Nelson heater, to thaw the back wheels of 34's cab and prevent the water from freezing around them. After serving coffee to the men, I started packing up for travelling, without being told. The radio was still out, more parts were needed to get 34 running, and there was no way to get them except by driving back to Fort Byers and on to Yellowknife. Around three in the morning, Denison, Watson, and I set off in the camper. Denison had become withdrawn again—so formidable in his silence that I could not imagine talking to him.

We reached Fort Byers in midmorning and Yellowknife at noon. Watson and I had a farewell lunch at the Yellowknife Inn, the capital's leading hotel. His wife was about to have their first baby, so he was leaving to go home, to British Columbia. After lunch, I checked into a room, took a bath, and washed my clothes. Then I sat in the lobby, ready to depart whenever Denison arrived to pick me up. That was in the late afternoon, and with him came Lewis Mackenzie, a pleasant, black-haired man in his midthirties, who drove for Denison in winter and was a diamond driller in the mines in summer. He was to replace Watson on 36. When we arrived at Rae Lake, it was the middle of the night, but the spot where 34 and the Cat had gone through was alive with lights and people. While we had been gone, Berry's truck, 34, had been freed from the ice, and now it stood ready to take Denison's Cat on the long journey to the garage; the Cat, pulled out of its chilling bath but now coated with ice, was loaded on 34's trailer. Arden estimated that it would take a week for the Cat to thaw.

The next day, January 12th, was a busy one. Berry, Arden, and Lorenzen left in the morning for Fort Byers in 34, carrying the frozen Cat and the Bug (which now had a broken steering wheel) and pulling an empty fuel tanker. That afternoon, the crew moved north, and disaster struck again. On Hardisty Lake, Fud went through the ice, and 36 developed clutch trouble—it could move but it couldn't pull a load. So Lewis Mackenzie had to drive 36 to Fort Byers for repairs. Denison had to organize a rescue for Fud and, with Fud in trouble, Burns and Mukluk had no place to sleep, so all of us were going back to Yellowknife. Temporarily, we were out of business.

WHEN we started up the Ice Road from Yellowknife on our return to Hardisty Lake, on the evening of the thirteenth, Denison began checking off his vehicles on his fingers as he drove the camper. The Bug was out for the season, so the camper would have to double as the scouting vehicle. Denison's Cat was out, too, and had been replaced by Arden's Cat. Berry had left several hours ahead of us in 34, loaded with fuel drums and hauling a fuel tanker. Right behind him was Lorenzen, in his Diamond T tow truck, bringing with him Burns and Mukluk. Lorenzen would retrieve the cherry picker at Rae Lake, where we had left it when

DECEMBER 27, 1966

Night sweat: my temperature spikes to 102
At 5 A.M.—a classic symptom—and,
Awake and shaken by an ague, I
Peep out a western window at the worn
Half-dollar of the moon, couched in the rose
And purple medium of air above
The little, distant mountains, a black line
Of gentle ox humps, flanked by greeny lights
Where a still empty highway goes. In Christmas week,
The stars flash ornamentally with the
Pure come-on of a possibility
Of peace beyond all reason, of the spheres
Engaged in an adagio saraband
Of perfect mathematic to set an
Example for the earthly, who abide
In vales of breakdown out of warranty,
The unrepairable complaint that rattles us
To death. Tonight, though, it is almost worth the price—
High stakes, and the veiled dealer vends bad cards—
To see the moon so silver going west,
So ladily serene because so dead,
So closely tailed by her consort of stars,
So far above the feverish, shivering
Nightwatchman pressed against the falling glass.

—L. E. SISSMAN

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"What it comes down to, gentlemen, is this. Do we prime the pump or man the pumps?"

• •

we were salvaging Denison's Cat, and haul it to Hardisty to pull out Fud. Mackenzie would come along in 36 as soon as the clutch was repaired, and Arden was flying up to Hardisty Lake in the morning, to give his expert help in the rescuing of Fud.

Denison was breezy and good-humored that night; everything was going to be all right. He slid a Herb Alpert stereo tape into the player, and tapped the rhythm out on the wheel. I noticed that the road was becoming smooth and level and as hard as cement; it had a white glaze that glistened in the camper's headlights.

"I like driving at night," Denison remarked. "You see holes you don't catch in the daytime unless the sun is shining. Dull days are terrible, but windy ones are worse. You can't see ennathing on the lakes in a real wind. When the wind's over thirty miles an hour, there's nothing to do but hole up wherever you are, and read and wait." He leaned over his steering wheel and peered closely down at the road. "This should be a real good road if it freezes up right," he said. "Every time we drive it, we go in a different track and pack it down a little more."

When the music stopped, Denison removed the tape from the player, but instead of inserting another he said, "Seems to me I've been making roads most of my life. Even when I was a boy, my father and I made roads and trails."

"Where was that?" I asked.

"In British Columbia," Denison said. "I was raised there—born in the town of Vernon, on Okanagan Lake. My dad was looking after his mother's farm then, but when I was six he got a homestead and moved twenty-five miles up into the mountains. It took us all day with a horse and wagon to move up there. There were eight of us children. I've got five sisters and two brothers, and I'm the second-oldest—one sister is older than me. My dad died a few years back, but my mother is in her eighties and still lives in Vernon. The Denisons came to Canada in 1792, from England to Toronto, and they were known as the Fighting Denisons. There was an Admiral Sir John Denison in the British Navy, and there have always been Johns and Herberts and Richards in our family; my own sons are named Richard and John. My dad was Norman Lippincott Denison, and we're related to Lippincotts in the United States. Part of the Denison family stayed in Toronto and mostly became lawyers, but my great-grandfather moved to Winnipeg, and my grandfather moved on out west and homesteaded in Calgary. When my dad was a year old, my grandfather traded what is now the center of the city of Calgary for a team of horses and a wagon, and moved over the Rocky Mountains to British Columbia. That's where my dad grew up, and so did I. What else would you like to know?"

"Oh, what it was like, growing up on a farm in the mountains."

"Nothing unusual about it," Denison said. "We farmed and trapped and logged, like everyone else. We lived on this little farm in the hungry thirties, and I had my own trap line, although it was registered in my dad's name. I caught a little bit of everything—lynx, marten, beaver, mink, weasels. There were no schools around our place, so I went to eleven different schools to grade nine. I stayed with an aunt and uncle in a town called Summerland for two of those school years. I was home for the last two, but I had to travel eight miles to get to the school. I used to take my bike or a horse or walk to school, and it took me thirty-five minutes downhill and two hours to get back uphill afterward. That's how steep it was. The other children in the family were pretty small, so I had to milk ten cows before I left and when I came home, and do all the other chores besides, like feeding the pigs. I got up at four-thirty and I never got to bed until nine-thirty, and my mother used to help me clean the barn after everyone else had gone to bed. In the early thirties, we had a seventy-five-dollar government grant and built a little log schoolhouse in our valley. We started with eight pupils, and the schoolteacher lived with us. I was the school janitor. After that, I went to another school for grade nine, which was my last year in school. I finally had to stop school, because we just couldn't manage. It was too tough for my father when I wasn't there. He had just gotten a job for seventy-five dollars a month working for the irrigation district, which was a big job then.

"In 1937, I was twenty-one, and by that time I had worked in packing houses, done some logging, hacked railroad ties with a broad axe—that sort of thing," Denison said. "Then I joined the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. I consider that the R.C.M.P. was where I continued my education, and I got as good a one there as most people get in college. The highlight was when I was chosen to go to the Roosevelt-Churchill conference in Quebec in 1944. After the Quebec conference, I was supposed to sign up for another five years, but I quit instead and joined the Army. I can't explain it, but I spent a year in the Army and had a hundred and sixty-five days of leave. I got as far as Newfoundland, where I sat at a switchboard and

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guarded the transatlantic telephone cable against sabotage. It was about two inches around, and full of wires. When I got out of the Army, I worked in Vernon driving a logging truck. I got tired of that, so I applied to go back with the R.C.M.P. That was in May, 1946, and they said they would engage me if I'd accept duty in the Yukon Territory or in Yellowknife. I had been thinking about Yellowknife ennaway, so that's where I went, but a year later I bought my way out of the R.C.M.P. If you've signed up for five years, you can do that by paying something for every unexpired month of your engagement, and it cost me something over three hundred dollars. In 1939, I was making forty-five dollars a month in the R.C.M.P. and sending thirty-five of it home. By the time I quit, in 1947, I was making a hundred and twenty-five on the force and working all night in a garage. I always liked working around motors, so I went into the garage full time. By the time I was fifteen, I had taken our Model T apart and put it together again—before I could even drive it. Being in the R.C.M.P. was a wonderful experience, though, because you did lots besides general police work in Yellowknife. I had my own detachment, and I was a plainclothes detective, an Indian agent, a welfare worker, a lawyer, an undertaker, a fireman—everything. To tell you the truth, one of the reasons I quit was that I was squeamish when I came to an accident and found a guy half dead or dying. That sort of thing makes me sick."

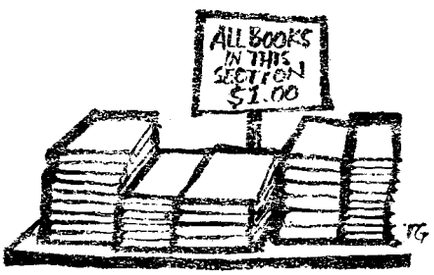
"How did you get started building roads?" I asked.

"Yellowknife was having a boom when I came in 1946," Denison said. "Very few people in town but an awful lot of people in the bush. The summer of '47, I had a flat-bottomed boat—an old wooden LST with two Chrysler engines—that carried forty ton, and I freighted on Great Slave Lake with it. I hauled lumber, and I laid telephone cable across Yellowknife Bay—just sat there and reeled the cable out, but it was goddam cold work. Then I bought an old right-hand-drive Army two-ton, four-wheel-drive Marmon-Herrington truck from a fellow in Hay River, and my brother Harry and I drove it to Peace River, in northern Alberta. Peace River is four hundred miles from Hay River, and there was no road for about a hundred and fifty miles of that, and it was winter. Harry and I chomped and chewed our way through the bush, and when we got to Peace River we stopped to see a friend. 'Where'd you come from?' he asked, and we said, 'Hay River.' He said, 'You can't. It's the middle of winter, and there's no road.' So I said, 'Well, we did,' and then Harry and I turned around and went back to Hay River by the same route, with a load of machinery and meat. In the spring, I got another truck, which my brother drove, and that's how I got started in the freighting business. I've never quit. The way I operate, if I see a job I think can be done I do it. When Rayrock Mine closed, I took on the job of moving a few houses from there to Yellowknife. I moved another half dozen from Rayrock to Discovery gold mine, two hundred miles away. I had houses coming out of my ears. The next year, I moved the entire Rayrock mill two hundred and fifty miles north to Tundra gold mine, above the tree line. Oh-oh, what's this?"

Denison slowed down. Directly ahead, in the woods, were yellow clearance lights and red backup lights, neat spots of color that proved to be Berry in 34 and Lorenzen in the Diamond T tow truck. Since they had left Fort Byers several hours before us, they should have been at Hardisty Lake by now. The front axle on Berry's truck was broken. Truck 34, incapacitated, like a man with a broken leg, was stationary but chugging comfortably. I went around front for a look; a huge dual wheel, the right one, was lying by the road where it had fallen off, and the axle hung empty, bent at such an angle that it touched the road. Berry would have to camp here until a truck could be dispatched from Fort Byers to haul him and 34 back for repairs.

Everyone slept for a few hours, and before dawn the camper and the Diamond T continued north. When we arrived at Hardisty Lake, we found that Fud had sunk even further, and was half submerged.

BILL HETTRICK, a charter pilot who flew men and equipment for Denison between Yellowknife and the Ice Road, arrived with the sun the next day, at ten-thirty, in a little red-and-white plane. Before he and Arden could get out, Denison opened the plane door, told me to get in, and climbed in himself. He directed Hettrick to fly north, saying, "We've finished two hundred miles of road, and there's another hundred and twenty-five to go. I want to see how the rest of it looks from the air before we build any more."



Arden held the map and showed Hettrick where to go. Denison, sitting behind him, leaned back and closed his eyes. I sat directly behind Denison, on top of some sleeping bags, which every bush plane in the North is required to carry.

"How do you feel?" I asked him when he sat up and opened his eyes.

He put a hand on his stomach and made a face. "In these small planes, I always feel sick, even when I'm well," he said.

I looked back at the Ice Road, and from three thousand feet up it looked so faint and thin that it might have been a pencil mark on the white panorama spread out below us. We flew over an enormous lake.

"Great Bear Lake?" I asked, shouting at Denison to make myself heard over the noisy engine.

"Hottah Lake!" he shouted back. "Forty miles long! Biggest in the chain until you get to Great Bear!"

The plane swooped. Arden tapped my arm, pointing below. Four caribou—a huge male with magnificent antlers, and three delicate females—were meandering through the snow as if the lake surface were a meadow. All were a lovely cocoa color except for their bellies and the underside of their graceful necks, which were as white as the snow they stood in. Our plane tilted for a better view, and the male glanced up, disdainfully turned his back, and moved away, holding his majestic head in the air. One female moved placidly with him, but the others jumped nervously about, kicking up snow.

We flew north to Great Bear Lake and then turned back. When we were over Hardisty again, Denison took up his binoculars, to see how the rescue of Fud was progressing. "Hughie, your tractor's in, too!" he shouted to Arden. Our plane bounced when its skis met the ice. Through the window I saw the yellow Cat flopped over on its side, the left front end about three feet under water.

Arden bounded from the plane, circled the Cat, and climbed into the Diamond T to confer with Lorenzen, who had backed his truck as close as he dared to the Cat. It was sixty below zero, and there was a wind. Burns

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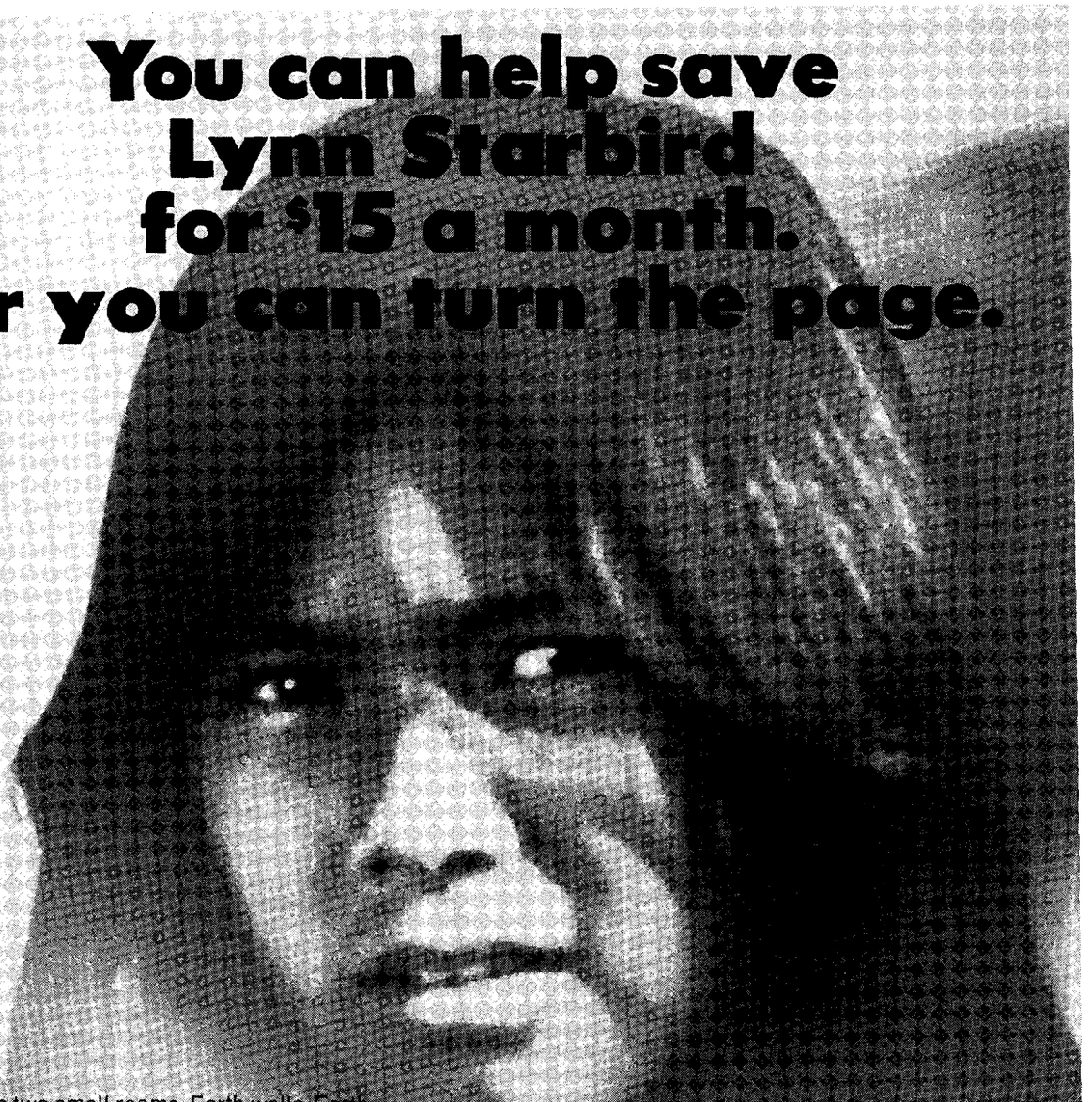

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and Mukluk, stamping their feet and pounding their fists, followed me into the camper to warm up. Denison, hardly glancing at the half-drowned Cat and Fud, climbed into Lorenzen's truck after Arden and slammed the door, but he returned to the camper before Burns and Mukluk had finished their coffee. His face was drawn, and he was obviously sick again. "You'd think there'd be a good break once in a while," he muttered, and then he went to bed.

I went outside to watch the men pull Arden's tractor out of Hardisty. How could they work in such weather? They were accustomed to freezing temperatures, and they moved about constantly, but they were human and this cold was not for human beings. I had a chart Denison had given me that was headed "How Cold Is It?" and showed the "true" temperature when the velocity of the wind was combined with the thermometer reading. There was a sinister green area on the chart which indicated "when the exposed flesh freezes," but the chart reckonings went only as far as forty-five degrees below zero and a forty-five-mile-an-hour wind. The "true" temperature under those conditions was one hundred and twelve degrees below zero. Arden estimated that the wind this afternoon was blowing at ten miles an hour; at sixty below zero, we were contending with cold somewhere in the neighborhood of seventy below.

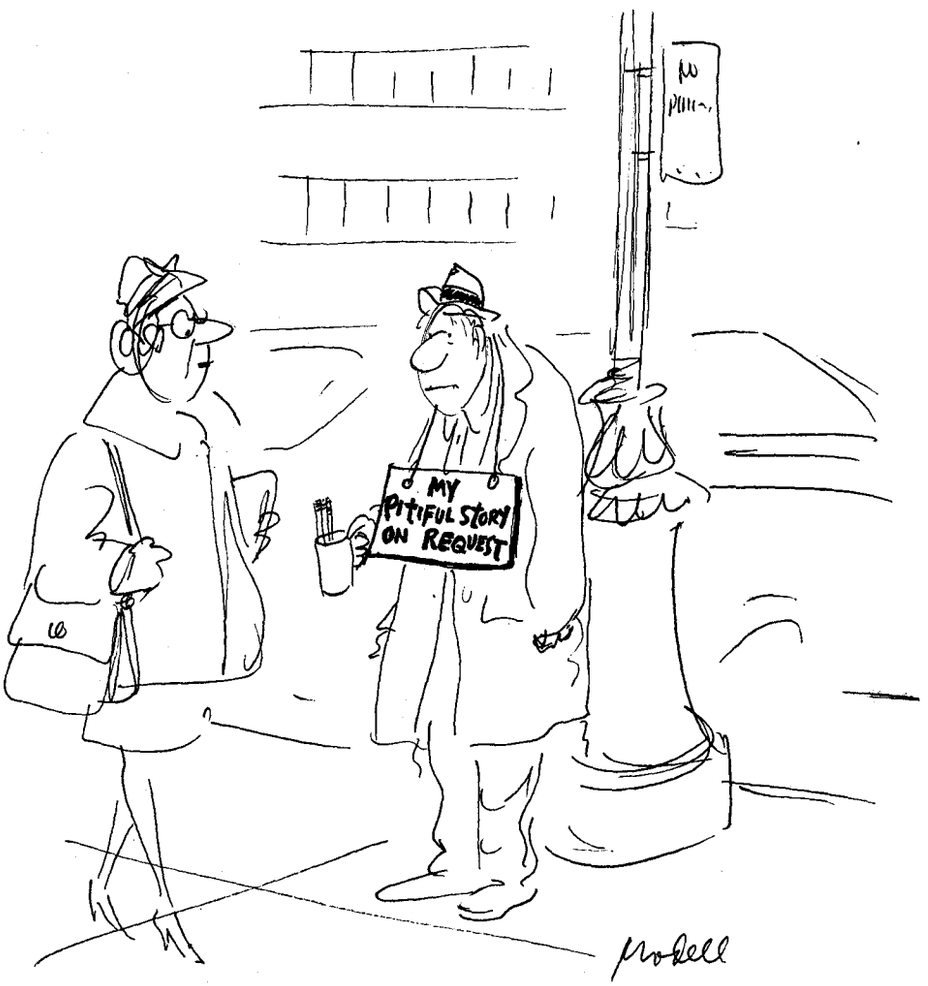
Getting the Cat out of the ice looked deceptively easy. Arden fastened the Diamond T's winch to the Cat, and Lorenzen started winding it in. The ice groaned and cracked as the Cat broke loose and swung free above the lake by a foot or so. Burns climbed across the winch frame and carefully lowered himself into the driver's seat of the Cat. The winch swung the Cat over to solid ice, and Burns started "walking" the Cat. Uncomplicated? Yes, provided the ice holds.

The men turned immediately to the task of prying Fud loose. At three in the afternoon, Hettrick and Arden left. The sun was setting, and this was no weather in which to risk an emergency landing after dark. The recovery of Fud was hampered by tons of ice that had accumulated on it. Lorenzen's truck would normally weigh about the same as Fud, but now it was a lot lighter. The front end of the Diamond T rose five feet in the air when the winch at its rear pulled on Fud. Burns drove cautiously across the dangerous ice to the Diamond T and laid the blade of the Cat on its front fender as an anchor. With the combined weight of the Diamond T and the Cat to offset it, Fud finally began to rise, straining and cracking through the ice, coming up by inches until it was high enough to be swung out and away. Lorenzen pivoted Fud around and forward, and set it down on thick ice behind the camper. The men began hurriedly chopping the ice from Fud's lower section before it could get any thicker. Lorenzen lay on his back beneath the truck, whacking chunks of ice from the underside with a hatchet. Mukluk climbed up on a fender and, using a needle bar, broke up the thick sheet of ice that encased the radiator hood. Some of the ice fell from Fud in blocks more than two feet thick. Meanwhile, Burns lit a propane heater under the motor of the Herman Nelson heater to get that machine started, so that it could warm Fud's frozen motor.

By evening of the next day, the fifteenth, we were eight miles beyond Hardisty, at the north end of Malfait Lake. Denison rolled down the camper window and looked out. "I hope I can find the portage road between Malfait and Beaverlodge Lake," he said, sounding worried. "Year before last, I had to go all the way back to Yellowknife and get Jim Magrum. He can find portages even in the dark."

The night crowded us. Before the men could start working on the portage, we had to find it; after dinner, they sat in their trucks and waited while Denison and I drove along the rim of the lake scouting for the entrance. We drove around and around on the lake for two hours, looking for the cut in the trees and bushes which marked the site of last year's road. We drove parallel to the shore, and each time Denison thought he saw the portage opening he turned the camper and headed straight for the spot, so that our headlights would shine directly on it. How could we keep missing it? But we did. I began to wonder how thick the ice was.

"We must have travelled sixty miles in the last two hours," Denison said. His voice sounded thin and weary. We returned to the circle of idling vehicles and collected Lorenzen and a map. Even so, the portage entrance eluded us. Denison went to bed in the camper, and Lorenzen and I sat in the cab of the Diamond T and watched shooting stars streak across the sky. Lorenzen said, "I wonder if you realize how dangerous it was driving in the dark on the ice the way you were doing tonight. You were going about forty



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miles an hour—twice as fast as we usually drive at night over ice. You could have gone through at any time. Did you know that?"

"I did," I heard myself say. "It's the first time in my life I ever rode in a car with my right hand on the handle of a door for two hours."

LEWIS MACKENZIE arrived in time for breakfast the next morning, after driving all night in the African Queen. In daylight, the portage entrance was plainly visible between two white hillocks—admirable signposts, once you knew. Denison was miraculously recovered now that he had a full crew functioning. The yellow Cat cleaned the stumps, trees, and rocks from the portage, and Fud followed, struggling up hills like a nervous old lady with her skirt pinned up. Several bolts had dropped from her plow, which would no longer operate on the hydraulic lift, so it was held up by chains, which had to be lowered by hand each time Fud came to a lake and started plowing. "Fud's only a four-ton truck, not really powerful," Denison remarked, driving slowly along behind her. "I originally bought her from the government for something stupid like five hundred dollars."

We stopped to telephone. Reception was perfect, and everyone in the Arctic seemed to have been waiting for this extraordinary opportunity to make a phone call. When Denison's turn came, he said to the operator, "I'd like to call Hay River 2449. Denison. Denison. Over." He was calling the warehouse in Hay River, where trucks were loaded for Port Radium. When his man at the warehouse answered, Denison discussed equipment and fuel distribution, and then said, "Start the six-wheelers on the first trip with the dynamite for Echo Bay. Dynamite for Echo Bay. They are waiting for it at Port Radium. Waiting for it there. Send the cook to Hottah Lake on the first plow truck through. Send three thousand gallons of fuel to Hottah, too. Don't load too heavy. We are having a few ice problems. A few ice problems."

The next morning, the seventeenth, we covered the length of Hottah Lake, moving in and out of small inlets and skirting tiny islands, some just a pile of rocks decorated with a lone tree or a clump of bushes. Driving forty miles an hour in the camper, Denison and I got far ahead of the other vehicles. At the north end of Hottah, where the opening into the next portage was partly obscured by a line of small islands, Denison turned the camper completely

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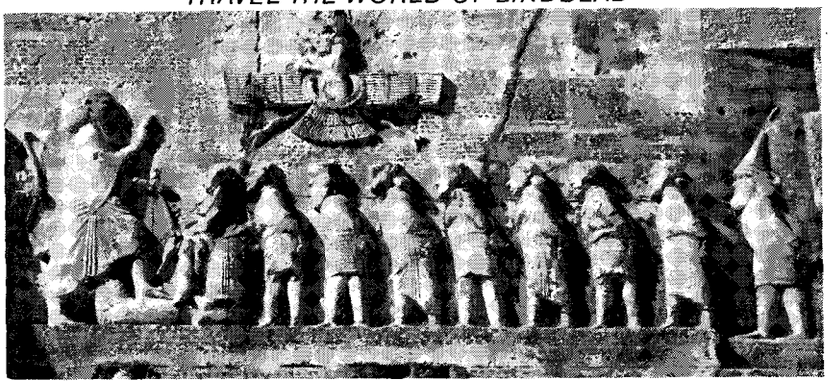

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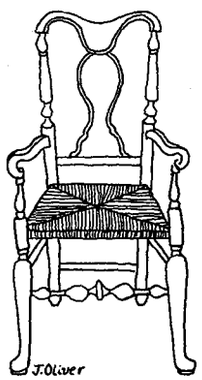
around and put the headlights on to show where we were. The day was slightly overcast, and islands and rocks several miles from us across the flat lake created a dancing series of optical illusions; they shimmered hazily in the pale-orange sun, and we were continually fooled into thinking that they were the expected trucks. When the convoy did arrive, we fell in at the end of the line and let the big vehicles break the new portage, which, even for the Ice Road, was very rough. We slipped and slid through a watery bog in a lovely virgin spruce forest; graceful trees sixty feet tall pointed snowy peaks to the sky. We got stuck a dozen times in a few hundred yards. A dozen times, Denison rocked the camper and freed our wheels, but each jolt was an upheaval. The other trucks moved forward, out of sight. Then, after several miles, I saw a white cloud through a cut in the trees; this was the exhaust from the other vehicles, hanging in the dry, cold air. Suddenly, we came to a quivering halt in a deep rut. Denison got out with a shovel but came right back and honked the horn. It was the first time I had heard an automobile horn on the Ice Road. "We'll wait for Davy Lorenzen to come and pull us out," Denison said in a tired voice. "There's only a mile more to this portage."



Soon the Beaver was coming toward us, and Fud was right behind. The trucks stopped, facing the camper, and Burns emerged from Fud. Denison rolled down his window and propped his chin on his hand. "What now?" he asked.

"The Cat," Burns said, shading his eyes with his hand and looking away. "The tie-rod on one of the tracks has parted right at the bottom. That's the first link I ever broke. I can repair it with your portable welder if I can get the parts."

Denison put his hand to his head as if he had a sudden pain. "We're broke down," he said. He had a familiar gray look. "We're within seventy miles of Echo Bay, and after this one we've got only three more miles of portage. Pity of it is, if I can't reach ennabody on the radio I'll have to go back to Fort Byers."

After Lorenzen hooked a chain from his tow truck to the camper and pulled it out of its rut, Denison tried the radiophone and I made some coffee. I was totally tired. At sixty below zero, a lot of energy is spent keeping warm. Like everyone else, I drank coffee, tea, or a can of fruit juice whenever I could, because cold, dry air dehydrates your body and makes you thirsty all the time. Although I was eating three solid meals a day, I was losing weight. And although I had the easiest job of all—riding as a passenger in a small truck, and trying to take in everything that was going on—I was bone weary; just getting into and out of heavy socks, sweaters, parka, boots, and gloves whenever I went outside or came in again was an effort.

We were in luck: the phone worked. Denison reached Henry Ford at Fort Byers and ordered parts for the Cat to be sent out by plane. We would not have to drive all the way back to the garage after all.

Bob Burns and Spotlight George came to the camper for breakfast the next day; this was unusual, because George always made breakfast in the Beaver for himself and any boarders who wanted to take a chance on his cooking. Burns cleared his throat several times and looked down at the table. "Old Fud gave up the ghost last night," he finally announced. "The front-wheel drive is out. It was makin' funny noises all day, so I'm surprised it lasted as long as it did."

Denison was connecting a new tank of propane gas to the Lazy Susan heater, and he gave it an extra-vicious tug with his monkey wrench before he turned around. "Where's Mukluk?" he asked.

"Mukluk was using the drags late last night on the road," Burns replied. "He's in Fud, behind you about two miles."

Lorenzen put his coffee cup down and pulled on his parka and mitts. "I'll pick up Fud by her plow with my winch and haul her up to the lake, John," he said. "Then I'll come back and suck the Cat up with the winch, so Burns, here, can get at the track to fix it."

When Lorenzen and Burns left, Mukluk came in, sat down heavily at the table, pulled off his mitts, and examined his right index finger. He wiggled it and grimaced with pain. "I think I sprained my finger taking the drag off Fud," he said. "That must be the transmission that broke. The gears are stripped. I was pulling the drag about eleven last night, a little over a mile away, when all of a sudden Fud stops. She just wouldn't go anymore."

Nobody talked about the plane that was coming with the parts for the Cat, but everyone listened for it. Spotlight George departed alone in the Beaver to work backward on the Ice Road. Lewis Mackenzie, taking Burns along for company, moved ahead in 36 to plow twelve miles of new road across Fishtrap Lake. Mukluk, who had no truck for the moment, and Lorenzen, who was waiting to meet the plane and bring Arden into the portage, were in the camper with Denison, who was sick again. He lay in his bunk, abjuring nourishment, speaking to no one.

Late in the afternoon of the second day of waiting, Lorenzen broke the silence in the camper, moving restlessly from his seat at the table beside Mukluk, who was reading a mystery, and sitting down on the bench. From there, he could easily converse with me, in the kitchen, where I was preparing dinner. "I like a great big truck," he said. "It's more comfortable than this camper, which is so light that when it bounces you can't sit in your seat. Truck driving in the North isn't like highway driving. Outside, I get scared on highways, and there's nothing exciting to be seen on them—nothing at all. Good or bad, there's something different up here every day. There's a lot of life in the bush. Now, take a highway driver—he won't run into a herd of caribou or pretty near run over a dog team. If he's lucky, he'll just see the odd moose, that's all."

For the first time in two days, Denison raised himself on one elbow and looked interested. Then he emerged from his bunk and sat down at the table. "The last time I drove a truck on a highway, I put it in a rhubarb—drove it right into the ditch—and got laughed off the road," Denison said. "I'll bet none of you guys would change places with any of those highway guys."

"Bush drivers and highway drivers are two different breeds," Lorenzen said. "Just like among highway drivers the tankers think the freight haulers are a cut below them and won't sit in the cafés with them, the highway drivers come in from Outside and think they're goin' to show us bush apes a lot of things. But when one of those highway fellas has somethin' happen to his truck, even though he knows how to repair it, he's not used to doin' that, so he just sits and waits for someone to come along and fix it. Their first trip up, these here highway drivers don't even like to cross the Mackenzie River. The ice scares hell out of them, and it's like prodding a cow into an airplane to

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get them to go out on the ice bridge. They aren't even too confident on the bush trip until they've been on it a while."

Denison laughed—a sound that brought Mukluk out of his book. "A lot of highway drivers think this Northern run is a vacation package," Denison said. "When a guy wants a job, he can do ennathing—until he gets here. Then we find out what he can and can't do. Those highway boys arrive in their little Wellington boots and their cotton gloves—just a different breed of drivers, that's all. I remember one new man who drove into overflow ice at Discovery Mine one afternoon and he was so sure he was sinking that he left his truck and walked to an island and sat there all night in front of a fire, when he could have sat right in his truck." He shook his head. "Beats me. Just because there was a little water on top of the ice. Yet these fellas think we don't know ennathing up here. Maybe we don't. I do know that I learn something new in the bush every time I go out."

Hettrick arrived in his plane the next morning, bringing Arden, who immediately began helping Burns repair the Cat, and Ike Richardson, who was an assistant of Henry Ford's at Fort Byers. Richardson, a burly man, sat down in the camper and told us the news. The day before, three men fishing on Great Slave Lake in a Bombardier had hit a crack in the ice and gone under. Two of them drowned. "You wouldn't think they'd run out of ice on *that* lake!" Denison exclaimed. Richardson also reported that Denison's new big snowplow truck, No. 37, was on its way to join us, with a new driver, Herb Lowen. Lowen was replacing Berry, who was at Fort Byers waiting for a wheel hub for 34 to come from Edmonton. Four trucks were loaded with freight for Echo Bay Mine and had already arrived at Fort Byers from the warehouse in Hay River; they were waiting for word that we had reached Port Radium and that the road was open and ready for use.

ON the morning of the twenty-third, we were at the north end of Yen Lake, facing our last land barrier to Great Bear Lake. On the other side of this final portage was Gunbarrel Inlet, a narrow entrance channel four miles long and only a mile wide, leading into the big lake. On this morning, Denison shaved. The thinness of the face that emerged from behind his grizzled beard was shocking. As he watched the Cat mount what appeared

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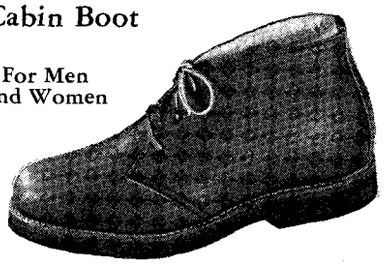

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to be an almost perpendicular hill and disappear abruptly over the top, he restlessly drummed his fingers on the camper's steering wheel. "Two days late," he muttered. "I said I'd be in Port Radium two days ago."

"This looks like a very steep portage," I said.

"It used to be a complete bottleneck a few years ago," Denison said. "We had to winch every truck up it and down again, which meant keeping a Cat here most of the time. The snow is unusually deep in this portage—about three feet—and last year we blasted a great big pile of rock out."

The Cat passed back and forth over the top of the hill two or three times, clearing away the rocks. The Beaver followed and disappeared over the top—a signal for Lewis Mackenzie to start up in the African Queen. The huge truck dipped and twisted, seemed to fall back, then rose in a surge of strength over the top. Denison, suddenly impatient, shifted gears and drove up the perpendicular embankment. Halfway, we became caught in deep snow. The Beaver came back over the hill and tried, unsuccessfully, to give us a push. The others tried to go by us and got stuck—Lorenzen in the Diamond T, Mukluk and Lowen in 37. Burns, waiting on the side of the hill in the Cat, pulled us out. When we were free and had been detached from his winch, Burns moved slowly to each of the other trucks and gave them a shove that got them going. Meanwhile, we had got stuck again.

When I glanced into the camper's rear-view mirror, I saw smoke pouring from the space behind the cab. Denison saw it at the same time; he jumped out, picked up an armful of snow, and threw it into the smoke. As he climbed back into the camper, he was laughing. "No wonder I've been having so much trouble making it over this hill," he said, looking sheepish. "I had my brake on. It was my goddam brake that caught fire!"

At the top of the hill, two red-and-white gasoline drums marked the road. When we reached them, we peered over the crest at the sheerest drop I have ever seen on anything that could be called a road. We teetered on the top of the portage for a second. I gripped the seat with both hands, held my breath, and shut my eyes as we tumbled down the hill toward the glassy surface of the inlet. We glided out onto the ice and waited for the others to come down.

After lunch, Spotlight George, Bob Burns, Lewis Mackenzie, and Davy Lorenzen said goodbye to me. Only Herb Lowen and Mukluk—in the new truck, 37—were going with us to plow the Ice Road the last forty miles to Port Radium, from which I would be flying to Yellowknife. The others were turning back to put the finishing touches on the road we had left behind—cementing the snow into ice on the portages, and plowing the lakes to keep them free of snow. Barring any more accidents, Denison would be calling Fort Byers from Port Radium by the end of the day, and the trucks from Yellowknife, from Hay River, from Edmonton would be on their way.

As we came out on Great Bear Lake, Denison pointed out a pressure ridge—a wide band of broken ice, several feet high, that was light blue against the flat, snowy ice surrounding it. It ran for miles in a curving line, vanishing somewhere in the middle of the lake. Of all the disturbances created by Northern weather, the pressure ridge is the one feared most by the men who constantly deal with ice; it is treacherous, dangerous, and frequently impassable. We followed the curve of this raised band of ice for several miles, until it blocked the way ahead so directly that we could not avoid crossing it. Denison got out and walked over to it, digging into its craggy ice chips with his feet. He waved Lowen ahead and got back into the camper, and we drove over a low spot, lurching across the bumpy ice. "This is a very small pressure ridge, and it's dead—it's quit moving and the cracks are all froze up," Denison said.

"How blue it is!" I exclaimed.

"That's because fresh water is directly underneath," Denison told me. "Ice is a solid, same as metal. It shrinks when the weather is cold, expands when it's warm. Temperature variations change the texture of your ice. On a cold night, on these really big lakes you'll get cracks opening as wide as four feet. On a warm day, you can actually see the expanding ice moving back together again, and if it expands beyond its original size, it overlaps and breaks, and leaves real fresh water underneath that spot. Sometimes, when the ice overlaps, it piles up twenty feet, even higher. The trouble with pressure ridges is that they are such a terrible temptation to cross when they're low. I have a real bad habit of finding the lowest place, breaking it down with a needle bar, throwing some planks down, and going through. It looks so easy, but since the cracks may not have

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froze over, the ice can separate again and tip you down into open water."

At four o'clock, the sun had almost set. An orange-red sphere, it was slipping down into an orange strip at the horizon; the blue sky was slowly turning a soft gray, with little streaks of salmon pink. The lake's surface—which the wind had swept clean, except for some tufts of snow scattered about like powder puffs—was a glassy blue green. "God, but it's beautiful up here!" Denison exclaimed.

At five o'clock, we could see the lights from Echo Bay Mine twinkling at us in the darkening sky. We soon came to a second pressure ridge, higher than the first one by a foot or so, and curving far out into the lake. We backtracked several miles, until we found a hole through the pressure ridge—a reasonably smooth patch of ice. We were farther out now on Great Bear Lake, travelling to the left of a little island, doubling on our own tracks, making a second, parallel white road on the other side of the pressure ridge, but we were heading straight for the mine again. As we came closer, I could see Port Radium's old-fashioned white frame buildings scattered along the narrow shore of Echo Bay.

"Today is the twenty-third of January," Denison said. "Last year, I was here by the twenty-first. Two days late. But that's all behind us now."

"I wonder why you do this kind of work when it makes you so sick," I said.

"Oh, I don't know," Denison said. "It's just something about the North. You're on your own. You feel more as if you are your own person, somehow."

The darkness had settled in around us, and the twinkling lights of the mine were moving closer, getting brighter. It was a lovely moonlit night. "We could have come in without lights," Denison said. "Neither truck really needs lights tonight, but I turned mine on so we can be seen at the mine."

We crossed from the bay ice to the shore and climbed a little incline. "This was a real good trip," Denison said as he stopped the camper on the dock, where in a day or two his trucks would be unloading freight. "Except for dropping that truck and the accidents—all that falling through the ice—opening my road to Echo Bay this year went better than ever before." —EDITH IGLAUER

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THE THEATRE

RECALLED TO LIFE

JOHN STEINBECK's "Of Mice and Men" opened at the Music Box on November 23, 1937, and was an immediate popular and critical success, running for a total of two hundred and seven performances and winning the Drama Critics Circle Award as the best play of the year. It would be pleasing—and just—if the latest revival of the play, which opened at the Brooks Atkinson last week, were to enjoy a similar run. The director of the original production was George S. Kaufman, who had done so much to get the play into actable form that Steinbeck, in a letter of thanks to Kaufman after the opening, generously referred to it as "your" play. In fact, although Steinbeck had written "Of Mice and Men" as a novel—it was published earlier the same year—he had had the intention from the first of turning it into both a play and a movie. Kaufman took over the manuscript of the play while Steinbeck was busy gathering material for the novel that was eventually to become "The Grapes of Wrath." Kaufman was a brilliant director and the ablest play doctor of his time; in that capacity, he set great store by a well-turned, strongly motivated plot. In the present instance, the dialogue is obviously Steinbeck's and the tidy laying out of the scenes owes much to Kaufman.

Styles in playwriting change, and by an irony it may be that to contemporary audiences Kaufman's careful workmanship will seem a mere patness; we tend to like plays to be looser and more open-ended and therefore more ambiguous than they were in the thirties. What allows "Of Mice and Men" to triumph over the neat joins of its manufacture is the extraordinary amount of emotion that continues to reverberate in its lines; after thirty-seven years, their semi-literate simplicities of hope and despair are as touching as ever. Big, simpleminded, affectionate, and inadvertently murderous Lennie and his banty companion and protector, George, are true friends. They are bound together by a love that has scarcely a trace of the sexual in it, save to the extent that everything Lennie loves he must move close to and caress. George is a puritan, dividing women readily into categories of good and bad. He takes care to keep his distance from good women, and he is grateful for the fiscal matter-of-factness of brothels, in which one pays an agreed-on price for the use of a bad woman's body.

Lennie and George are fieldworkers, wandering uneasily from ranch to ranch with the sure foreboding that sooner or later Lennie will make trouble for them and new jobs will have to be found. Lennie is George's doom, which he accepts in part because he knows that Lennie cannot live without him and in part because love—even poor Lennie's defective love—is precious to him. Year after year, they go on cherishing the dream of someday settling down on a little farm together, where Lennie will raise rabbits. This never-to-be-realized dream is a startlingly precise equivalent of Beckett's never-arriving Godot: in each case, the painful absurd is made bearable by the presumption of an alternative that, though it can be described, doesn't exist. Beckett's icy existential fastidiousness causes him to draw back from the melodrama of any action that would signal "The End," since for him "The End" amounts to an unacceptable artifice. Being at heart a sentimentalist, Steinbeck believes in endings, whether happy or sad. The ending of "Of Mice and Men" is a shocker, and it is no less shocking because we have been anticipating it all evening long.

The already formidable effectiveness of the play is much heightened in the present production by the superb performance of James Earl Jones as Lennie and the equally superb performance by Kevin Conway as George. The two actors, so different in physique and stage presence and with such different roles to play, complement each other to perfection; the friendship between the two misfits comes to seem the most natural thing in the world—something more enviable than grotesque, and well worth suffering for. Of the rest of the cast, I especially admired Stefan Gierasch and Joe Seneca. The role of the promiscuous wife who precipitates the final tragic episodes is played in an unconvincing fashion by Pamela Blair. She is supposed to convey a sensuality irresistible to any and all men within her reach, but nothing of the kind; when she sidles into the sweaty male kingdom of the bunkhouse and says, in her squeaky voice, that she just wants someone to talk to, we find her statement fatally easy to believe. The scenery, costumes, and lighting are by William and Jean Eckart, and the direction is by Edwin Sherin.

"WHERE'S CHARLEY?," now being revived at the Circle in the Square, first arrived on Broadway eleven years later than "Of Mice and Men." For a musical, it is getting pretty long in the tooth and, alas, the length shows. The book, which is by George Abbott, was taken from the old comedy "Charley's Aunt," written by Brandon Thomas back in 1892, and the music and lyrics are by Frank Loesser. Raul Julia plays the role originated by Ray Bolger, and while he is passably funny when dressed up as his own aunt, as an Oxford undergraduate he seems curiously miscast. There are lots of other good-looking young people present, and they all work terribly hard; the fact that their labors are conspicuous is a measure of how little we are able to accept the make-believe of their larking about and (I believe the word used to be) sparking. The songs—among them "Once in Love with Amy" and "My Darling, My Darling"—are still very pleasant indeed, and the costumes, by Arthur Boccia, are sensationally attractive. The scenery, which hints at being Collegiate Gothic Revival executed not in stone but in bamboo, is by Marjorie Kellogg, and the lighting is by Thomas Skelton. The very long but rather narrow acting space of the Circle in the

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Square must have presented many difficulties for the choreographer, Margo Sappington. The director is Theodore Mann. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Shining Faces

AT Theatre Four, the industrious Phoenix people are putting on a short and sunny revue called "Pretzels." The show has music and lyrics by John Forster, and the various sketches have been written by Jane Curtin, Fred Grandy, and Judy Kahan. Mr. Forster, Miss Curtin, and Miss Kahan perform as well, with the assistance of an amiable young man named Timothy Jerome. The sketches are, in Frost's words, "neither out far nor in deep," but they are funny enough to keep us in a sort of daze of contentment, with, from time to time, the welcome opportunity to laugh out loud. One gets the impression that there aren't many new topics in our society for young folk to bring their wit to bear on—at any rate, most of the topics dealt with in "Pretzels" were being capably dealt with fifteen or twenty years ago by the shining faces and winning smiles of those days. But if the audiences are as young as the performers, what difference does the age of a jest make? No doubt Ecclesiastes has something sensible to say on this subject, but not to me. —B.G.

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Peddling one's way along a likely Coos Bay bike route, we find such a route might well get state sanction. The journey begins at the dike. From there we peddle a short way down Highway 101 and onto Commercial Avenue, a one-way street presently under the state highway system. One side of Commercial could include the bike path, with parking being eliminated. We then peddle past old McAuley Hospital, over the outfield bank at Mingus ballpark, along the outfield and down the third base line to the crosswalk on Tenth. From there we peddle through Mingus, to some point above the swimming pool, either ending our journey there or finding ways to continue the path toward the Empire area of Coos Bay.—*Coos Bay (Oregon) World.*

Two questions: Have you a peddler's license, and did you remember to touch third?

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The paper has been scheduled for the February issue and you will receive proofs for checking sometime in March. —*From a letter received by an N. Y. U. professor from the Journal of Paint Technology.*

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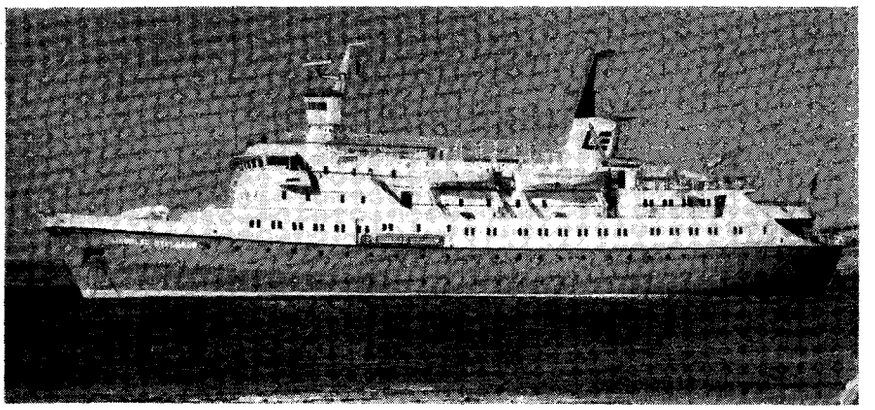

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MUSICAL EVENTS

"Boris" Redivivus

THE Metropolitan Opera's new production of "Boris Godunov" is a serious, carefully studied, imaginative, and admirable presentation of the great work, and a landmark in its long stage history. The opera broke on the astonished West in 1908, when Diaghilev brought it to the Paris Opera, and from that production derive an audience's first expectations of "Boris"—large, exotic spectacle; a coronation in the Kremlin square with bells pealing and costumes gleaming; the elaborate mantle of Chaliapin falling heavy on the shoulders of whoever tackles the title role. The idea of "Boris" as a colorful Russian pageant centered on its tremendous hero persists; it was given dazzling expression in the Salzburg production of 1965, by Karajan and Schnieder-Siemssen. It is not an untrue idea, but less than the whole truth. The whole truth about "Boris" is not to be contained in any single staging, but the Metropolitan version compasses much of it.

No other opera—not even "Don Carlos"—calls for so many preliminary decisions about what should be performed. The composer himself left two distinct scores and then a final revision in vocal score. Rimsky-Korsakov reorchestrated and revised the opera in his own brilliant vein, freely amending what he deemed clumsy harmonies and rhythms, and later revised and amplified his own edition. That is what Diaghilev used. It held sway until, in 1928, Leningrad (followed, in 1935, by the Old Vic) returned to Mussorgsky. For the Metropolitan, in 1953, Karol Rathaus produced a new edition. Ippolitov-Ivanov scored the scene outside St. Basil's Cathedral (omitted by Rimsky) with Rimskian panache, and the Bolshoi added it to its Rimsky presentation. Then Shostakovich rescored the whole thing anew from Mussorgsky's vocal score, retaining his rhythms and harmonies; the Metropolitan adopted this in 1960. For the new staging, it uses a conflation of Mussorgsky's own scores, thus achieving a longer "Boris" than ever the composer intended. It is nearly as full as the version Rafael Kubelik conducted at Covent Garden in 1958 (and, for the first time, Boris Christoff sang the Mussorgsky lines). That lasted four and a half hours; the Metropolitan's lasts four. It is sung in Russian.

Since 1948, when Peter Brook staged the work there, Covent Garden has given "Boris" in just about every possible way: with Mussorgsky's scoring, with Rimsky's, with alternation between them to accommodate a visiting protagonist; in English, in Russian, even macaronically in English and Russian (when Christoff first came), and in English and German (to house Ludwig Weber's noble performance); with and without the St. Basil scene, with the death of Boris last, with the scene in Kromy Forest last; with the Polish act complete, or slightly cut, or cut to the bone (but never completely omitted; that bold step was left to Scottish Opera, and in this country to Boston). The experience of different musical texts applied to the same production provided a fine chance of comparing scores but prompted no hard, unqualified conclusions. Mussorgsky without Rimsky would undoubtedly be the score to prefer in an either/or choice—but it would be sad never to hear again the latter's heady orchestration. "Boris" without the Polish act is undoubtedly a stronger drama, and "Boris" with either St. Basil or Kromy, but not both, a more shapely one—but the act dominated by Marina's mezzo-soprano brings contrast in an otherwise nearly all-male opera and, after the tedious stretches in mazurka and polonaise rhythms, a melting love duet; and St. Basil and Kromy are both great music. Even in the matter of language, all decisions can be defended. The Russian-English biglot performances proved particularly successful, since the phonograph had made the Czar's great monologues familiar, while elsewhere the translation revealed the sense of the music.

"Boris" is an opera focussed on Boris himself; "Boris" is an opera whose real hero is the Russian people. The truth lies somewhere between these views. The new Metropolitan production, directed by August Everding, is uncommonly successful at finding it and, by many strong, subtle strokes, emphasizing the relationship between the ruled and their rulers; for once, the popular and the personal scenes cohere. Ming Cho Lee's very beautiful scenery plays a part in this. Backdrop and front gauze, patterned in rectangles, hint at an iconostasis. At the close of a scene, the light gathers on a single character; then on the darkling stage the locality shifts. (The Metropolitan's huge side-stage wagons are used to dramatic effect.) The house curtain falls only to close the acts. Prologue and Acts I and II are played without intermission. For Act III, set in Poland, the iconostasis is broken into an airy Cubist evocation of trees. This act, inserted by Mussorgsky to perk things up, could with advantage be illumined more brightly—romantic moonlight in the Sandomir park rather than spotlights fumbling along in the darkness after the principals. At the close of Act IV, a striking image is lost. While the Simpleton sings his lament for riven Russia, the fireglow specified in Mussorgsky's score fails to appear. Otherwise, nothing but praise for the scenic realization of the piece. No doubt it will one day be revived in English, when a majestic native Boris is forthcoming, and tried on occasion without the intrusive and musically inferior Polish act. The staging, free from eccentricity, yet imaginative and distinguished, should bear repetition well.

The current Boris is Martti Talvela, who gives a thoughtful, sober interpretation of the role. Nevertheless, on the first night he was less arresting than one had hoped. Deliberately eschewing, it seems, the rhetorical manner of the Borises who base their interpretation on Chaliapin's (yet what better model?), he allowed restraint to become something close to grayness. The huge voice was seldom used at full power. There were histrionic moments in the acting—the heavy table overturned in the clock scene, the curtains clawed down, and in the death scene a spectacular tumble down steps, which Sarah Bernhardt might have envied—but they were obvious, applied effects, foreseeable, and extrinsic to what had gone before. Mr. Talvela has the stature and the voice to be a tremendous Boris, though not yet the variety of nuance or intensity of phrasing. It was rather as if a grave Pimen had donned the Czar's robes. Pimen was sung by Paul Plishka, Varlaam by Donald Gramm; both were decent, not remarkable. Robert Nagy was a trenchant Shuisky. The outstanding member of the surrounding cast was Lenus Carlson, in the small role of Shchelkalov, secretary of the boyars' council. His lyrical baritone was forward and beautiful, his phrasing was smooth, and he used his words as if they meant something. In the mon-

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astery and inn scenes, Harry Theyard gave a keen, intelligent portrayal of the ambitious novice Grigory; the Polish act needed more romantic tones than he could provide. Mignon Dunn's Marina looked glamorous but sounded ordinary. The conductor, Thomas Schippers, set steady rhythms—too steady in phrases that come to life when they are freely and emotionally molded. He adopted so fast and so regular a tempo for the Simpleton's lament (the marking is *andantino*) that Andrea Velis could not express its full poignancy. Mr. Schippers' intention, plainly, was to avoid a sentimental close; fearing effusiveness, he missed the poetry of the episode. But on the whole he gave an impressive reading of the score, well paced and carefully knit. The orchestral playing was deep-toned and eloquent. The chorus looked numerous enough but did not always sound it. The language difficulty—having to make what must for many of the cast be meaningless noises, learnt parrot-fashion, rather than communicating with an audience that can follow what is said—may have inhibited full-throated and sharply characterized singing. In general, the first-night performance was a shade cautious; with increasing confidence, things should become freer and more vivid.

ELLIOTT CARTER's new Brass Quintet, composed for the American Brass Quintet, broadcast by them from London on Ives' hundredth birthday, and by them introduced to New York at a Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center concert on December 15th, is sixteen minutes of lively incident ordered into a shapely form. The score appears to spring from fruitful interaction between what brass instruments naturally do best—soft, swelling harmonies in chords long sustained and, on the other hand, incisive fanfare patterns—and the composer's own more "abstract" concerns with multilayered music flowing in lapped levels, each distinct in pace and in character, each a statement in its own right, but in combination amounting to a discourse that holds the mind and delights the ear. The abstract concerns take concrete shape when to each of the five instruments—two trumpets, horn, tenor and bass trombones—Carter assigns an individual melodic "repertory" of intervals and gestures. The basic form is a slow movement, a serene chorale punctuated by brief quodlibets to which each player contributes parts of his own repertory, and further interrupted or accompanied in its progress by animated, well-varied duos and trios, each for a different combination of instruments. During these dialogues, the instruments essay one another's motifs. Long pedal tones are superimposed on quick, darting exchanges. The virtuosity of the players incites the composer to try the result, on brass, of the kind of *scorrevole* passagework he writes for strings. The sounds are produced in traditional fashion, without fancy mutes or any freak effects. (In two horn-calls, half-stopped echo tone is romantically employed.) The Quintet is a major addition to the brass chamber literature.

THE weekend before last there were at least fifteen different operas to be heard in New York. Two of them—and possibly others, but who can be everywhere?—were among the most moving and intense operatic experiences of the season so far, not because they were well acted (they weren't) but because they were well sung, and very well played, by dedicated young performers in intimate surroundings where every word and every musical nuance could be heard to maximum effect. In the parish-house theatre of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, on Thirty-first Street, Bel Canto Opera did Britten's "The Rape of Lucretia." John Miner, praised in these pages last year for his Graun, conducted a sensitive, cunningly paced and balanced performance. Lee Winston, as the Male Chorus, was decisive in diction and subtle in phrasing; his tenor is forthright and steady. Harvey Phillips' direction was sensibly conceived, but clumsily executed by a cast that did not move well. Nevertheless, the grace and the physical impact of the musical realization made the evening memorable.

Holst wanted a very simple setting for his "Savitri," and no more was possible in the Manhattan Theatre Club, on East Seventy-third Street. This is an opera with very little action and great spiritual beauty. Holst's economy of means is so finely judged that small strokes—one unaccompanied voice breaking in on another—cut deep. Joy Blackett sang the title role with tender passion. Michael Harrison was a romantic, assured young Satyavan. Harlan Foss was properly grave but not quite even enough in timbre as Death. Peter Leonard's conducting was precise. If a conclusion may be drawn from two performances, it is that well-trained voices, used with musical intelligence, are abundant in New York, and so are first-rate instrumentalists, but that the levels of acting and direction, of stage presence, demeanor, even the ability to wear costumes convincingly and not look gawky are lower. (On one of the simplest levels, why did David Shookhoff, the director of "Savitri," not persuade Miss Blackett not to wave her arms about while she sang?)

"Savitri" was given on a double bill with Thomas Pasatieri's "Signor Deluso," an *opera buffa* to his own libretto, drawn from Molière's "Sganarelle." Like Robert Baksa's comic opera "Red Carnations," given in St. Luke's Chapel, in the Village, earlier this season, Mr. Pasatieri's piece is a slight anecdote set to harmless, agreeable, unmemorable music. Neither comedy *needs* music. Mr. Baksa's

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Straussian ariosi went in one ear and out the other; Mr. Pasatieri's neat neo-classical or neo-romantic inventions were short-breathed. Strauss himself showed one successful way to treat such subject matter in his "Intermezzo," by allowing the orchestra to take over from time to time; Rossini another, by protracting situations in comely arias or ensembles. (The Opera Buffa Company of New York gave a fairly diverting but feebly directed account of Rossini's "La Cambiale di Matrimonio" in Finch College Auditorium early in the season.) The moral seems to be that vivacity is not incompatible with, is perhaps dependent on, a rather full musical working. Probably the answer to modern operatic comedy lies in spoken dialogue that breaks into fully developed songs—a revival of *Singspiel*. But the dialogue must be good. Wisely, Jens Nygaard scrapped the silly dialogue that Albert Stadler provided for Schubert's *Singspiel* "Fernando" and conducted just the musical numbers at a Sunday-afternoon concert up at the Washington Heights and Inwood Y Auditorium, well attended even on one of those opera-filled days. Grayson Hirst, who should have taken the title role, had been stricken with laryngitis; Richard Frisch undertook both tenor and bass parts, transposing octaves nimbly or slipping into head voice for the former. Despite this, the quality of Schubert's music came through. Why was so fertile and fluent a great composer so insecure and unsuccessful a musical dramatist? (The same question can be asked about Haydn.) The answer can wait, since Mr. Nygaard has more Schubert operas in prospect.

—ANDREW PORTER

ROCK, ETC.

The Importance of Stevie Wonder

A FEW years ago, I saw the Monterey Pop Festival movie for the fourth or fifth time. I had always loved Otis Redding's performance, but this time I heard intimations in his music that I'd never picked up before. Sung by a black man to an audience of white freaks—"the love crowd," he had labelled them (us), with amusement and affection and who knows what cynicism—a ballad like "I've Been Loving You Too Long" became more, much more, than a simple love song. The line "Please don't make me stop now" was both a plea and a warning. It spoke of human relations in general and race relations in particular. It reminded the love crowd that in their naïve rapacity they had taken what sustenance they needed from black music and the black outlaw culture without much thought about what they could give back. And it insisted, sadly but firmly, that that one-way transfer of energy—of love, if you will—could not continue forever. This is your chance, Redding seemed to be urging; if you *do* something about love instead of merely talking about it, then maybe—just maybe—we can all make it through. I still don't know how much of this was really Redding, how much a projection of my own frustration, long after the fact, at our bungled historical moment (or the illusion of one), but the experience affected me deeply. As a racial-cultural mediator, Sly Stone was more sophisticated, Jimi Hendrix more profound, but it is Otis's challenge that I think about when I listen to Stevie Wonder.

On a recent Friday at Madison Square Garden, before an audience dominated by white kids in their twenties, Wonder gave a Christmas benefit concert, whose proceeds will buy medical equipment, musical instruments, games, and other supplies for a number of charitable organizations serving the poor, the aged, and the handicapped. His performance, which lasted two hours, was uneven; I felt by turns high and bored, moved and annoyed, and full of doubts and fantasies that were, I suppose, less a product of the immediate situation than a measure of how important Stevie Wonder has become.

Wonder not only has attracted a huge interracial audience and made the cover of *Newsweek* at a time when there is little communication between black and white musical cultures but has engaged our imaginations, made connections, become more than a performer, in a way I was beginning to forget about. At his best, he has the power to make optimism and racial reconciliation marvellously credible. Without denying "the nightmare that's becomin' real life"—pain, anger, bitterness toward oppressors, even the petty spite that can arise out of disappointment in love are all present in his lyrics, in the strange, often tormented sounds he coaxes out of the synthesizer—he can suggest that the joy of being human ultimately prevails. And because the anarchic, exploratory textural busyness of his music enlarges our sense of possibility the way Dylan's words once did, because his pleasure in the exchange between performer and audience both communicates and inspires something like love—perhaps also

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because we know he hasn't exactly had it easy—we are ready to believe him. But there is a delicate balance involved here, and too often it tips in the direction of romantic and religious sentimentality. Wonder's lapses are disturbing, because they call into question his successes. Does his transcendent joy reflect some sort of reality we can grasp and build on, or is it, after all, just a pleasant distraction? Is there a possibility of racial détente based on hard times ahead, on the common disillusion and defiance expressed in a song like "You Haven't Done Nothin'"? Or will the more fatuous aspects of Wonder's message of universal love simply provide the growing horde of religious escapists with still another focus for their complacency? Is this part of what "Superstition" is warning against?

Given the circumstances of this particular concert, it would have been hard to avoid bathos, and Stevie didn't try. He talked about how this was a very special event, a dream come true; about how much joy it gave him to give to the people; about his vision of love and respect between people regardless of the color of their skin. He mentioned the car accident that nearly killed him a year and a half ago. He sang Christmas songs, an overly self-conscious medley of oldies, and a bunch of the romantic ballads that are my least favorite part of his repertoire. For all that I know how complicated it must be for a man like Stevie Wonder to arrive at simplicity at the age of twenty-four, I couldn't help wishing that his philanthropy had some political content and that he didn't sound quite so much like a 1963 brotherhood speech.

Still, I had a pretty good time. So did Stevie, playing with his synthesizer, dancing (yes) with the women singers in his band, chiding the audience for talking during his rap ("Please relax your lips"), goofing around, maintaining a loose, forgivably self-indulgent pace. All through the evening, there were peak moments that made my reservations seem cranky. Toward the end, I began to worry that Wonder would omit "You Haven't Done Nothin'" and "Living for the City" as unsuitable for the occasion, but I should have had more faith. He sang them both, then went on to "You Are the Sunshine of My Life" and, finally, "Superstition." Behind me, someone lit a stick of incense. Maybe we haven't blown it, after all, I thought. And maybe—just maybe—we haven't.

—Ellen Willis

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Magnetic Blur

GENE WILDER stares at the world with nearsighted, pale-blue-eyed wonder; he was born with a comic's flyblown wig and the look of a reddish creature from outer space. His features aren't distinct; his personality lacks definition. His whole appearance is so fuzzy and weak he's like mist on the lens. Yet since his first screen appearance, as the mortician in "Bonnie and Clyde," he's made his presence felt each time. He's a magnetic blur. It's easy to imagine him as a frizzy-haired fiddler-clown in a college production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," until he slides over into that hysteria which is his dazzling specialty. As a hysteric, he's funnier even than Peter Sellers. For Sellers, hysteria is just one more weapon in his comic arsenal—his hysteria mocks hysteria—but Wilder's hysteria seems perfectly natural. You never question what's driving him to it; his fits are lucid and total. They take him into a different dimension—he delivers what Harpo promised.

Wilder is clearly an actor who can play serious roles as well as comic ones, and he's a superb technician. Yet he also seems an inspired original, as peculiarly, elusively demented in his own way as the greatest original of them all, Jonathan Winters. You can't tell what makes clowns like this funny. The sources of their humor are split off from the technical effects they produce. (With Chaplin, there's a unity between source and technique—which isn't necessarily preferable.) Like Winters, Wilder taps a private madness. In "Start the Revolution Without Me," he played a French nobleman who was offering a tidbit to the falcon on his wrist when his wife pointed out that the falcon was dead. With the calm of the utterly insane, he said to her, "Repeat that." Reality is what Wilder's weak stare doesn't take in.

Wilder plays the title role in Mel Brooks' "Young Frankenstein," and in the first fifteen minutes or so—especially in a medical experiment on skinny, excruciatingly vulnerable Liam Dunn—he hits a new kind of controlled maniacal peak. The movie doesn't take Wilder beyond that early high, but it doesn't need to. It's a silly, zizzy picture—a farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist-trying-to-be-God pictures, with Wilder as the old Baron Frankenstein's grandson, an American professor of neurology, who takes a trip to the family castle in Transylvania. Peter Boyle is the Frankenstein monster, and Madeline Kahn is the professor's plastic-woman fiancée, who becomes the monster's bride. It isn't a dialogue comedy; it's visceral and lower. It's what used to be called a crazy comedy, and there hasn't been this kind of craziness on the screen in years. It's a film to go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think. You can't bring anything to it (Brooks' timing is too obvious for that); you have to let it do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. It has some of the obviousness of "Abbott & Costello Meet Frankenstein," and if you go expecting too much it could seem like kids' stuff—which, of course, it is, but it's very funny kids' stuff, the kind that made pictures like "Kentucky Moonshine" and "Murder, He Says" into nutbrain classics. You can go to see it when you can barely keep your eyes open, and come out feeling relaxed and recharged.

Wilder wrote the screenplay with Brooks, and he has a healthy respect for his own star abilities. Confidence seems to be making him better-looking with each picture; this time he wears a romantic, droopy mustache, and in full-face, with his eyes outlined and his long chin prominent, he gives a vain, John Barrymore-ish dash to the role. I could have done with less of his pixie hunchback assistant Igor—the English comic, Marty Feldman, who's done up like Barrymore as Richard III. The camera picks up the glints of Wilder's madness; Feldman projects to the gallery. He's too consciously zany; he's funny at times (and he uses a Groucho turn of phrase like a shiv), but he's heavy-spirited and cunning, in the Anthony Newley manner. He emphasizes the picture's worst defect: the director tends to repeat—and exhaust—effects. In the opening sequences, Wilder does a startling spinoff of Sellers' performance as Dr. Strangelove, but then, later on, Kenneth Mars, the Nazi playwright in "The Producers" and the Transylvania police inspector here—equipped with an artificial arm, like Lionel Atwill in the role in the old days—does a full-dress variation on Strangelove. Like Feldman, Mars seems meant to be funnier than he is; his impenetrable accent is one of those Brooks ideas that don't pan out. Sometimes Brooks appears to think he can force something to be a scream if he pounds away at it. Cloris Leachman makes a magnificent entrance as the castle housekeeper, but then, having a one-and-a-half-gag role, she has nothing left to do but make faces. However, Peter Boyle underplays smoothly; he suggests a puckish cutup's spirit inside his monster's bulk, and he comes through with a great sick-joke strangled voice in a musical number that shows what Brooks can do when his instinct is really working. He can make you laugh helplessly.

The picture was made in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the pictures it takes off from, and Brooks keeps the setups simple. The details are reassuring: there's a little more Transylvanian ground fog than you've ever seen before, the laboratory machines give off enough sparks to let us know that's their only function, and the ingénue (Teri Garr, as Frankenstein's laboratory assistant) is the essence of washed-out B-movie starlet. The style of the picture is controlled excess, and the whole thing is remarkably consistent in tone, considering that it ranges from unfunny hamming (the medical student at the beginning) to a masterly bit contributed by Gene Hackman as a bearded blind man. (Hackman's inflections are so spectacularly assured I thought there was a famous comic hidden under the beard until I recognized his voice.) The movie works because it has the Mary Shelley story to lean on: we know that the monster will be created and will get loose. And Brooks makes a leap up as a director because, although the comedy doesn't build, he carries the story through. Some directors don't need a unifying story, but Brooks has always got lost without one. (He had a story in "The Twelve Chairs," but he didn't have the jokes.) Staying with the story, Brooks even has a satisfying windup, which makes this just about the only comedy of recent years that doesn't collapse. Best of all, "Young Frankenstein" doesn't try to be boffola, like Brooks' last picture, "Blazing Saddles," yet it has that picture's prime attractions: Wilder and Madeline Kahn. When she parodied Marlene Dietrich in "Blazing Saddles," it wasn't the usual Dietrich imitation, because she was also parodying herself. Madeline Kahn has an extra dimension of sexiness; it's almost like what Mae West had—she's flirtatious in a self-knowing way. And everything that's wrong about her is sexy. You look at her and think, What a beautiful translucent skin on such a big jaw; what a statu-

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esque hourglass figure, especially where the sand has slipped. She's so self-knowingly lascivious that she convinces you she really digs the monster. Madeline Kahn is funny and enticing because she's soaked in passion; when you look at her, you see a water bed at just the right temperature.

IN the new disaster blockbuster "The Towering Inferno," each scene of a person horribly in flames is presented as a feat for our delectation. The picture practically stops for us to say, "Yummy, that's a good one!" These incendiary deaths, plus the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world, are, in fact, the film's only feats, the plot and characters being retreads from the producer Irwin Allen's earlier "Poseidon Adventure." What was left out this time was the hokey fun. When a picture has any kind of entertainment in it, viewers don't much care about credibility, but when it isn't entertaining we do. And when a turkey bores us and insults our intelligence for close to three hours, it shouldn't preen itself on its own morality. "Inferno" knocks off some two hundred people as realistically as it possibly can and then tells us that we must plan future buildings more carefully, with the fire chief (embodied here by Steve McQueen) working in collaboration with the architect (in this case, Paul Newman, who appears to be also the only engineer—in fact, the only person involved in the building's construction or operation above the level of janitor).

The film asks us to believe that until the skyscraper's official opening day the busy Newman never noticed that the contractors and subcontractors had cheated on just about everything. It asks us to believe that this tallest building in the world—a golden glass tower that's a miracle of flimsiness, as it turns out—would have been set down in San Francisco, of all places. It asks us to accept Richard Chamberlain as a rat-fink electrical contractor (one has visions of him negotiating with the electricians' local) and as the city's leading roué (this gives one visions, too). But then this is a movie in which Fred Astaire, as escort to Jennifer Jones, needs a *rented* tuxedo.

The audience's groans and giggles at the bonehead lines of the scriptwriter, Stirling Silliphant, aren't part of a cynically amused response, as they are at "Earthquake;" they're more like symptoms of distress. There's a primitive, frightening power in death by fire. How can we look at scenes of death and listen to this stupid chitchat about love and building codes, interlarded with oohs and ahs for rescued little boy and girl darlings and for a pussycat saved by a kindly black man (O. J. Simpson)? What emotion are we meant to feel for Robert Wagner (as some sort of publicist for the building) and his secretary (Susan Flannery), who have a little fling, get out of bed, and die hideously, the camera lingering on their agonies? Maybe Irwin Allen thinks that "Poseidon" was such a big commercial success because of its plain, square realism. But it was clunky-realistic, and the upside-down-ocean-liner situation was so remote that one could sit back and enjoy it. The realism here is very offensive.

The movie doesn't stick together in one's head; this thing is like some junky fairground show—a chamber of horrors with skeletons that jump up. It hardly seems fair to pin much responsibility on the nominal director, John Guillermin; I can't believe he had a lot of choice in such matters as the meant-to-be-touching fidelity of the mayor of San Francisco (Jack Collins) and his plump wife in pink (Sheila Matthews, the producer's fiancée). I've seen this loving, long-married couple go down with the Titanic so many times that I was outraged that they survived here. Despite the gruesome goings on inside the world's tallest funeral pyre, a few performers still manage to be minimally attractive. Paul Newman has the sense to look embarrassed, which, in addition to his looking remarkably pretty and fit, helps things along. His son Scott Newman, who appears as a nervous young fireman, has his father's handsomeness. William Holden has a thankless role as the builder responsible for most of the chicanery, but he performs with professional force. Best, surprisingly, is Faye Dunaway, as Newman's girl. It's not that she acts much but that she looks so goddessy beautiful, wandering through the chaos in puce see-through chiffon—a creamy, slutty Fragonard in motion. When Dunaway has nothing to do, it's all to the good: she doesn't pull her face together into that tight, Waspy acting mask that she usually puts on. Without it, her porcelain, world-weary face becomes wounded by the fear of falling apart—and she's more beautiful than ever. Perfection going slightly to seed is maybe the most alluring face a screen goddess can have.

"Inferno" was financed jointly by Twentieth Century-Fox and Warners after the companies discovered that they had both invested in virtually the same novel, and that a rivalry to make the picture could be double suicide; it was not exactly a case of great minds travelling in the same channel. The only disaster picture that has redeemed the genre is Richard Lester's "Juggernaut," which kidded the threadbare pants off the same clichés that the other pictures still try to make work. Though "Inferno" spares us a prayer scene, it has the gall to try to get us excited by repeated shots of fire engines arriving at the foot of the skyscraper, their sirens piercing our eardrums. And it actually carries a dedication "to the firefighters of the world." "The Towering Inferno" has opened just in time to capture the Dumb Whore Award of 1974.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

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DANCING

Over the Rainbow

ELIOT FELD's new ballet, "The Real McCoy," suggests a work in progress about show dancing of the thirties. For the most part, Feld chooses to evoke rather than imitate; there's no tap dancing in the piece, and where the thirties spectacle was typically extravagant Feld's is sparse—perhaps too sparse. The nature of the work is fantasy—a finer thing than parody—but if "The Real McCoy" lacks the smugness and the vulgar appeal that outright parody might have, it also lacks the sweep. The ballet is weak the way so many of Feld's other ballets are weak—in the projection of a consistent poetic idea. Because the elements of Feld's thirties fantasy don't combine to form a clear statement and other elements seem to be missing, the foreshortened perspective of fantasy doesn't really appear, and the ballet just looks unfinished.

But even in this state it is worth seeing for the way it misses and then scores. Feld assembles the basic ingredients of a thirties-type show (the solo, the romantic duet, the production number), and he tries to re-create their essence by means of a few necessary figments (song-and-dance man, dream girl, male chorus). But Feld hasn't in every instance found the magic formula, which wasn't a formula so much as it was an imaginative process, that made these numbers vintage spellbinders. What's fascinating about "The Real McCoy" is that when Feld finally involves himself in that imaginative process he produces original, gleaming choreography—pure Feldian fantasy, or genuine parody so remote from piracy as to amount to the same thing.

The piece starts badly, like a tinny fake-thirties knickknack. Feld, in contemporary sports shirt and slacks, dons a topper, glances up at the rainbows on the backcloth, catches a cane thrown from the wings, and begins noodling ineffectually about the stage to a piano blues by Gershwin. The noodling continues, on wheels, when a rolling couch appears with a girl on it and Feld jumps onto it with her. The two glide and swivel around and across and all over the stage, with the piano playing the "Walking the Dog" number from "Shall We Dance." The absurd, dreamy locomotion, smoothly timed to the music, is beguiling once it gets to you, but I think Feld intended it to be more. I think he intended a crystallization of the animate props and décor of thirties movie musicals, and I'm not sure he succeeds. For one thing, the couch remains a couch, whereas a thirties choreographer would have played "let's pretend" with it, turning it into a bandwagon, a sailboat, Washington crossing the Delaware. Feld can turn the couch into a canoe, but he certainly doesn't let his imagination run riot. Much of the strength in the thirties sense of design lay in the play of allusions and resonances; it was a marvellous bond between entertainers and their audiences, and we think of it as "thirties" only because it is dead. Doesn't a modern audience seek this kind of bond, too? Watching ballet especially, we cling to bits of references and build on them unconsciously. We look to the choreographer to control the way we're building his piece in our minds. When he doesn't give us enough to go on, we go on what we've got. For me, Feld's would-be Busby Berkeley couch became irretrievably cross-circuited with the driving rod of the engine that slowly bears Keaton and his girl away in the fadeout of "The General." In the lulling, vacuous charm of what Feld put on the stage, I couldn't help what I was thinking, and when I knew I was thinking it I loved it. Feld has something Keatonian in his face and in his quick-wittedness as a dancer. I had never noticed the resemblance before, and I probably wouldn't have noticed it now if Feld hadn't cast himself as Fred Astaire. Aiming at Astaire in my mind, he hit Keaton. Although there *was* something of Keaton's character in the early Astaire—in his resourcefulness and total harmony with the universe—Eliot Feld is better at being tight and still and obsessive, like Keaton, than relaxed and mild and free, like Astaire. I don't know what he thought he was doing in that opening solo—it wasn't hoofing; it wasn't anything—but a moment after the couch disappeared he and the girl (Michaela Hughes) were presenting a very creditable Astaire-Rogers pastiche, and Feld seemed at last to have jumped over the rainbow into the thirties.

Whereupon the strangest thing happened: the thirties themselves disappeared and we were in Feld's own imaginary world of romance-as-illusion. There is a chorus of five men with walking sticks, turning, bending, pausing to tap the floor or probe the upper paths of air. They make a swing of their sticks, and Feld lightly seats the girl on it. Lightly he lifts her down, and the sticks continue to circle slowly, like a Ferris wheel. The gradual flowering of the image, set with great delicacy and precision to the Gershwin Prelude No. 2, is a great achievement for Feld, and the unforced sentiment is, coming from him, remarkable. Though he's been brilliant in the past and sometimes sweetly lyrical, too, he's never before given us a dance that spreads like slow honey, all in its own measure of attainment. The dance is evocative in a way that relates to the spirit of the thirties, but the meaning of it isn't confined to the thirties. Feld has titled his ballet after a Cole Porter song (although his music is drawn from the non-Tin Pan Alley Gershwin). The song, "At Long Last Love," runs, "Is it a cocktail, this feeling of joy, / Or is what I feel the real McCoy?" In other words, just how potent is cheap music? Do we fool ourselves by believing in the reality of its emotions and in the grace and beauty of the theatre they inspired? Is any of it good for more than nostalgia?

Feld hasn't given us his answers, because he hasn't handled the whole ballet with the degree of careful attention he's given to its parts. When the ballet is at its liveliest and most fertile, he actually seems to be drawing new substance from his subject. At other times, he's brash, familiar, and unconvincing. Maybe he started out to make nothing much and then ran into more; maybe he found his nuggets first and then couldn't find their setting. However it was composed, the piece has no internal consistency. After the Ferris wheel, the male corps do an obligatory chorus-boy routine. Feld doesn't define their relation to the girl or to himself, and he doesn't show us why Rouben Ter-Arutunian has dressed them like poolroom sharks. Nor does he account for the absence of other girls by making Michaela Hughes into the one girl who stands for them all. This final part of the ballet is set to the "Jazzbo Brown" music that was deleted from "Porgy and Bess," and, from the sound of it, it should have been the most exciting scene in

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the ballet. Feld gives us nothing to conjure with. The men vanish, somehow, along with the girl, and Feld time-travels back to the present, yearning before his rainbows as the curtain falls.

"The Real McCoy" is not all there, but it's an important ballet for Feld to have attempted. A lot of his recent work has been insular, dried-up stuff, and although he's built a repertory on the models of other choreographers, he hasn't often found the inner mechanism that made his model ballets work. In the atmosphere of the best American popular art he seems to have uncovered an instinct for formal allusion, and for the first time he makes a metaphor real on the stage. Many young choreographers haven't developed similar instincts, and I suspect it's because they're afraid of seeming decorative or dated. It may be that in its simplest forms of expression allusion *is* a dead convention. But holding up a bunch of sticks and having an audience breathe back "Coney Island!" isn't such an easy thing to do, and Feld has done it, after years of waste motion. Encouragingly, he hasn't pushed it as a big moment; he's let it announce itself as the happy event it is. If he can do this, perhaps he can go on to richer and more complex forms of metaphorical expression. Perhaps he'll even make a coherent ballet out of "The Real McCoy."

Another problem with the piece is that Ter-Arutunian's backcloth has no distance and no glow. It ought to be re-lit or maybe re-thought. In the tiny, cramped auditorium at the Public Theatre where the Feld Ballet plays, the audience sits banked above the stage like internes watching an operation. How can we go over the rainbow when we're already on top of it?

—ARLENE CROCE

•

Gov.-elect Hugh Carey wants Howard Samuels, Theodore Kheel and Bess Myerson to take key holes in his administration, but like many other well-off Democrats the three have indicated that they may be unable to afford the state posts, it was learned yesterday.—*The News.*

Moreover, continuous crouching is hard on the back.

•

DEAR MR. W——:

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BOOKS

Pride and Prejudice and Principle

A. O. J. Cockshut's "Truth to Life: The Art of Biography in the Nineteenth Century" (*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich*) is a rare and marvellous distillation—a pithy book in which every sentence works and every line is packed with wit, scholarship, and judgment. Cockshut, who teaches nineteenth-century English literature at Oxford, discusses Victorian biography as a literary form; then he examines specific biographies—Dean Stanley's life of the reforming headmaster Thomas Arnold, Arnold of Rugby; Samuel Smiles' "Lives of the Engineers," and other Smiles books, including his autobiography; G. O. Trevelyan's biography of his uncle, the historian Lord Macaulay; J. A. Froude's biography of Carlyle; Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone;" and Wilfrid Ward's biography of Cardinal Newman. All this brings Cockshut to the question of who the Victorians were, and, by extension, who we are. (Virginia Woolf said that human nature changed in 1910. Did it? Does it ever?)

The nineteenth century believed that human nature had improved since the eighteenth. " 'Lifeless,' 'mechanical,' 'unfeeling,' 'formalist' were the epithets thought suitable to the age of Swift, of Johnson, and of Blake," writes Cockshut, with the perplexity I feel when Jane Austen calls *The Spectator* "coarse" or Macaulay finds "Moll Flanders" "nauseous." The Victorians defined themselves against their predecessors, exactly as their successors defined themselves against the Victorians—at least, as their successors understood them. And Cockshut holds that there are two approaches in Victorian biography which may confuse us. The first is that the subject of a biography must be heroic; the second, that the best way to present your hero is through documents. But documents, Cockshut points out, invariably convey an impression of purposefulness and accomplishment. He wonders whether the living men were indeed as strong-willed as they are in their biographies. Still, there is a plus in Victorian documentation: it permits readers to read, so to speak, as themselves. Whether nineteenth-century Englishmen were indeed as self-confident as their assertive anas imply, they were certain of their superiority to foreigners, and I, who read, willy-nilly, as an American, find it funny that, writing as late as 1912, after giving innumerable details about a projected collaboration (nothing came of the project) on a new translation of the Bible by the Archbishop of Baltimore and Newman, Ward comments, "Naturally enough"—as if it *were* natural enough—"with his fastidious taste in English style, coöperation with American writers, however able, would be difficult." In regard to a more serious matter, I see the same faults Cockshut sees in Morley's life of Gladstone, and yet I was able to quarry from its copiousness what a great Chancellor of the Exchequer Gladstone was. It was something I more or less knew, as everybody does, but had never wholly appreciated. Morley says of Gladstone that we may think of him "as a Highlander in the custody of a Lowlander," but history tends to remember the impulsive, fighting Highlander and forget the canny, counting Lowlander.

Cockshut believes that "the intellectual and spiritual history of Victorian England is, in the main, the history of developments from Evangelical Protestantism." He is particularly acute at analyzing why Evangelicalism did not maintain itself as such and yet survived in the attitudes of the children and grandchildren of Evangelicals who had dispersed to other faiths or to none at all. Cockshut's capacity for both sympathy and criticism in setting forth the diverse religious positions of Victorian Englishmen is impressive. He is right, too, I feel, in relating the staying power of the Evangelical tradition to the nineteenth century's insistence on being not only good but genuine. (We would say "authentic.") Victorians could take nothing for granted; they wanted to raise first principles. The political battles of nineteenth-century England—franchise reform and church reform—happened because of what might be called redistricting: shifts in population had created rotten boroughs and empty sees, unrepresented cities and unchurched towns; for the Victorians, proposals to act on these practical realities raised questions of principle. Many people wanted to debate fundamental religious or political issues. The Whigs did not, and I think Cockshut is unjust to them when he talks about Macaulay and Trevelyan. The Whigs did not want to discuss first principles because (like the Boston ladies who, according to the old joke, have their hats) the Whigs already *had* their principles, settled forever by the Glorious Revolution of 1688. They felt they could run England on common sense, patronage, and wit. (Cockshut mentions an instance of Macaulay's political inconsistency but not that his biographer remembers hearing Macaulay make fun of his political inconsistencies.) Though Whigs shared with Bostonians a smugness that invites mockery, they had this much sense on their side: constant argument over first principles invites discord, and the search for intellectual clarity in public affairs creates serious divisions and frequently produces little clarity. The fierceness of antagonisms in nineteenth-century England is vividly reflected in biography; we read of fear, anxiety, tumult, and anger. How does the notion survive that life for the upper and middle classes was serene?

We continue the Victorians' political earnestness. We may enjoy reading about Melbourne's Whig levity, but I do not think Englishmen or Americans today would vote for a man who told his Cabinet that it didn't matter what his colleagues said as long as they all said the same thing. Probably no such man exists today. And I was struck by Froude's explanation of how he came to be a disciple of Carlyle: "The best and bravest of my own contemporaries determined to have done with insincerity," Froude writes, as if this were a novel and daring decision. Froude's *défi*, I think, does mark a change in human nature. Hypocrisy is an old vice, but sincerity is a rather modern virtue. Before our time, the mass of men were expected only to obey, and those who aspired to rise lived by patronage: the butcher flattered the great man's steward, and the courtier flattered the king. When did sincerity become possible? Do we overvalue it? Sincerity did not save nineteenth-century men from self-deception or self-righteousness. "They . . . prefer an appeal to conscience to an appeal to reason," says Cockshut. I wonder whether we, following in the Victorians' footsteps, undervalue reason and intelligence.

Death and sex are two subjects on which we do not follow the Victorians.

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Cockshut discusses the purpose of the deathbed scene in Victorian biography—its importance to the era's view of a hero—and contrasts it with our own avoidance of that scene. Perhaps the achievements of medicine in our country have changed our attitude toward death. We incline to hope that the patient will survive. And a dying hero nowadays—if he is dying of natural causes—is not a hero but a patient. He is surrounded not by clergy and family but by medical specialists. They are not listening for his last words; they are trying to make sure that anything he says will not be his last words. As for sex, Cockshut recalls, the taboos of the Victorians took hold gradually. In the earlier part of their century—Cockshut cites Moore's biography of Byron—a biographer might say that his subject had a mistress; decency required only that the writer conceal her identity. Later, sex itself became unmentionable. Of the biographies Cockshut studies at length, two posed contemporary problems for their authors. Froude knew that Carlyle was impotent, and refrained from saying so. Though Cockshut greatly admires Froude's biography, he sees a strain of deliberate misdirection in the work. I myself find Carlyle hostile and vituperative, ready to acclaim any explosive event or person, from the French Revolution to Frederick the Great. So Froude would not be prepared for the questions I would ask: Was Carlyle's disposition to hate related psychologically to his impotence? Was Carlyle's repellent contempt for weakness—entitling a pamphlet about West Indian freedmen "The Nigger Question" is unforgivable—a form of self-hatred? Macaulay's difficulty was his excessive love for his sisters, particularly Hannah Trevelyan, who was the mother of his biographer. Cockshut commends Trevelyan's tact, but he wonders how, or whether, the nephew understood his uncle's feelings. Yet if Trevelyan had been ready to dig into his uncle psychologically, he would also have been forced, I am sure, to deal harshly with Macaulay's father, who, naturally, was Trevelyan's grandfather. No matter. I think the real moral defect of Victorian prudery was that it made people hardhearted, just as I think Morley, writing about Parnell's downfall, is hardhearted. Morley was Irish Secretary under Gladstone when Parnell was cited as a corespondent in a divorce case; Morley records in considerable detail—and with noticeable lack of sympathy—how desperately Parnell tried to retain the leadership of the Irish party in the House of Commons, hoping that the scandal would not finish him politically. His followers, however, deserted him, as Morley icily informs us. Nevertheless, one believes that Morley must have known that Parnell was not the only adulterer in Parliament, and ought to have felt that the destruction of a man's career for a reason unrelated to his life's work was tragic. Not a bit of it. Morley writes as if Parnell were a squalid nuisance.

In discussing biography as literature, Cockshut speaks of artistic values as well as human ones. His book is a stunning instance of a writer's succeeding in both fields. The book's language and structure are elegant; it charms, edifies, teaches, and entertains. It is a joy. Yet it is a melancholy joy, because biography is a melancholy subject. One can write history as if it dealt with abstractions, such as rising classes or falling prices; one can even write military history not as if armies and navies were made up of men who get tired, frightened, wounded, and killed but as if armed forces were composed wholly of centers and flanks and reserves that wheel or roll up. But many biographies are about individuals who no longer live, and the inescapable melancholy appears most clearly in Gladstone's ringing pronouncement: "You cannot fight against the future." We are the future of those Victorians, and everyone in this book, in his own way—even, I think, Samuel Smiles, who had a heart too soon made glad by railroad construction—was fighting against the future, against our today, which is nothing like their visions. Their tragedy, one realizes, will in time be our tragedy; our confident battle cries will become our epitaphs.

—Naomi Bliven

"Maura, I'm seriously considering changing my orbit."

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Across from the Floral Park, by Kent Thompson (St. Martin's). In this episodic, deceptively lucid vision of a troubled paradise, an anonymous rich man buys a mansion opposite a park in an unnamed city. The chief delight of the house proves to be an enigmatic and alluring woman resident there—apparently a maid, though her manners are upper-class. After the briefest of introductions,

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the rich man wins her heart, then finds himself faced with a series of threats. A former lover, a new lover, an extortionist, some perplexing reminders of the past, forays into the worlds of theatre and of politics—one disturbance after another breaks the smooth surface of life across from the park, only to be disposed of with an ease that has to be described as unreal. Childlike and cunning by turns, the rich man, who tells his own story, seems to invite us not only to share his pleasures but to smile at his fears. When his bubble finally bursts, the outcome seems fated and not overly painful.

GENERAL

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT: THE INEVITABILITY OF CAPRICE AND MISTAKE, by Charles L. Black, Jr. (Norton). In this very short, persuasive work, Professor Black (Yale Law School) demonstrates that it is impossible for law, in theory or practice, to achieve the certitude and equity that a civilized people requires to condemn a man to death. In 1972, the Supreme Court decided (in Furman v. Georgia) that the death penalty, as it had been administered down to that year, might be considered a "cruel and unusual punishment," such as is forbidden by the Eighth Amendment. The Justices left unclear whether the Court took exception to administration and procedures or to capital punishment itself. Since then, several states have passed laws that attempt to achieve greater exactness in establishing categories of crimes punishable by death; many of these laws also add new procedural steps before a convicted person may be executed. Test cases are pending on the Constitutionality of these statutes, and Mr. Black, so to speak, disassembles a couple of them, taking apart their language, discussing the institutions and precedents they rely on, and demonstrating that none does, or could do, what it proposes: to make capital punishment equitable and legally foolproof.

THE ULTRA SECRET, by F. W. Winterbotham (Harper & Row). The deployment of a military device that may well have determined the outcome of the Second World War—it was certainly more important than the atomic bomb—is here recounted, in a personal reminiscence, by the British officer who was given the job of explaining it to Allied generals and making sure that they used it properly. It appears that sometime before the outbreak of hostilities Polish technicians and mathematicians got into British hands the means of breaking the military codes created by a complex machine the Germans proudly called Enigma, and that all during the war Allied commanders were reading messages between Hitler and his field commanders almost as soon as they were put on the air. This astonishing source of intelligence may have saved the British from complete annihilation at Dunkirk, and it failed only at the end, in the Battle of the Bulge, when the Germans put nothing on the air. Although it might seem difficult for the beneficiaries of such information to be anything but brilliant tacticians, we learn that Montgomery and Mark Clark often managed to do the trick. A great problem, of course, was keeping the Germans from suspecting what was going on, and just before sizable naval and air contingents showed up at exactly the right spot to destroy each convoy sent out from Italy to supply Rommel's Afrika Korps, an Allied reconnaissance plane would fly close enough to make sure the Germans had seen it. Once, when the fog was too thick for this nicety to be observed before the attack was launched, the Germans got suspicious, but after Group Captain Winterbotham "took the precaution of having a signal sent to a mythical agent in Naples in a cypher which the Germans would be able to read congratulating him on his excellent information and raising his pay," the Germans calmed down and contented themselves with firing an Italian admiral. The Americans were able to apply the secret to reading the Enigma variations that were used by the Japanese. The Canadians were in on it, too, and so were the Australians. As to why the rest of us have been kept in the dark until now, there may or may not be significance in the fact that the author nowhere mentions sharing any of his secrets with the Russians.

•

It is now scheduled to open in January under the title "Seascape." Stars will include Deborah Kerr, Barry Nelson, and Frank Langella. The subject is about evolution and will revolve around the character of Attila the Nun, pictured as a "second-rate would-be dictator."

—*Palm Beach (Fla.) Daily News.*

She sounds first-rate to us.

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